

AUGUST 7, 1943

AMERICA

IL DUCE BETRAYED EUROPE

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WAR COMES HOME TO ITALY

Col. Conrad H. Lanza

LIVING SPACE A SCREEN

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BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

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POLITICALISM IN UNIONS

Tim O'Brien

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DETROIT



PRESIDENT
COMES TO BAT

HENRY FORD
AT EIGHTY

OWI OFF
THE BEAM

MUSSOLINI
AND THE CHURCH

TOWARDS AN
ABIDING PEACE



A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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OUR LOYALISTS

Far back in 1909, John J. Wynne, S.J., and a brilliant staff of Editors, decided that the United States needed a new and unique Weekly Review. They sought for a title for the Review, and finally chose the appropriate name, *America*. In the first issue, April 17, 1909, the Editor-in-Chief made his pronouncement as to the nature and the purpose of the new *America*. Letters of commendation and congratulation from all over the country were received, and many of these were published in the first and second volumes of *America*.

Now, in 1943, we are seeking to know those who have continued to subscribe to *America* through all the intervening years. They constitute our Honor Roll. The names of some of our Charter Members were published in the issues of July 10, 24, 31. We are happy to add the following:

"In the issue of *America*, July 10, I note the request for original subscribers. I have been a subscriber from the beginning till the present time. My best wishes go to the continued success of *America*."

MARY L. LINEHAN Amherst, Mass.

"In looking up my records, I find that I paid J. L. Dolan, an agent, on 12-28-1909, for my first subscription to *America* . . ."

GEORGE W. GOODMAN Milwaukee, Wis.

"The Rev. George Gilbert Costello subscribed for the first *America* and continued a reader till his death, March 17, 1938. The writer, his brother, also subscribed, from the first copy till the last. All best wishes for *America*."

MAURICE J. COSTELLO Fort Dodge, La.

OUR PROSPECTIVES

In its thirty-fourth year, *America* continues to serve the alert, progressive, Catholic-minded readers of our own and foreign countries.

This year we are making every effort to double and even triple the number of subscribers and readers.

Can you help to get beginners of 1943? If you cannot secure subscriptions to *America*, would you be good enough to send us the names and addresses of those whom we might ask to begin taking *America* from 1943 on.

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 7, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

FATHER PARSONS, who has withdrawn from the Washington Front for a respite behind the lines, reviews, from his personal knowledge of Italy, the political history of Mussolini, with an eye to estimating the fallen dictator's place in history, and the needs of the Italian people. . . . COLONEL CONRAD H. LANZA, outstanding analyst of strategy for the authoritative military publication, the *Artillery Journal*, reveals the Hitler demands which preceded the downfall of Mussolini, and analyzes the strategic value of these military demands to the Axis. . . . WALTER FROELICH, in a discussion of the relation of resources and population pressures to postwar immigration, explodes the Axis interpretation of *Lebensraum*. . . . Mr. Froehlich teaches in the School of Business Administration at Marquette University, Milwaukee. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE, of the AMERICA staff, tells why it is not only patriotic, but good self-interest, to buy war bonds—and keep them. . . . TIM O'BRIEN's story of an American working man caught up in an ideological trade union is offered in the hope that it will help to expose and correct the abuse of power by certain un-American union leaders. Mr. O'Brien attacks this kind of union practice because he believes in unions; he has devoted practically all his adult years to social activity, and has been a union organizer. . . . ESTHER GARNER is a teacher in a Midwest college. She writes this article under a pen-name. . . . ORLANDO A. BATTISTA, research chemist, discusses the scientific enigma, Electricity. . . . PEACE-PLAN SHELF has another volume put on it in this issue.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

President Comes To Bat. In accordance with the hopes and suggestions of many observers, the President resumed his vigorous leadership of American public opinion by his radio address of July 28. He relieved the anxieties of those who were afraid that the Administration would come to terms with Fascist groups in Italy or elsewhere: "We will permit no vestige of Fascism to remain." In one carefully chosen sentence he managed to placate Vice-President Wallace's supporters, who have feared that the President was deserting the advocate of "the common man everywhere." The President called attention to the important fact that in Sicily we have begun to make good on our promise to plant the Four Freedoms wherever we can. To those who want new fronts launched at the twirl of a telephone dial, he outlined the detailed long-range preparations that paved the way for the successful North African and Sicilian landings, giving the exact figures of ships, men, tanks, vehicles and guns involved. Some thought the President's forecast, after Pearl Harbor, of planned American shipping tonnage (8,000,000 deadweight tons within a year) rather fantastic. But he revealed last week that this year our merchant shipping production will reach 19,000,000 tons, and next year, 21,000,000. He re-affirmed our determination to pull together in war and in peace with Britain, China and Russia. As was predicted, he "tied in" the war fronts and the home front, not only in describing how they must mesh in military operations in the long campaigns ahead, but in outlining how the home front must be prepared to absorb into dignified civilian life the men now fighting abroad.

Russian Pendulum. On July 22 *Pravda* published the full text (an entire page) of the manifesto of the National Committee for Free Germany. It was addressed to the German Army and the German people, and looked very much like an attempt to establish for them an organization similar to the de Gaulle national committee. It consists of captured German officers and soldiers, and of political refugees. This sponsorship by Russia of an embryonic government-in-exile for Germany is now taken to be a sign of Russia's will to act independently in the postwar settlement. Perhaps only the mounting military might of the United States and Britain can bring Russia into the fold.

Wallace Fights Back. Mr. Wallace's stubborn unwillingness to curl up and die was the meaning of the Vice President's Detroit speech of July 25. In a series of terse, rough, fighting paragraphs, every one of which barked a challenge to his enemies, in and outside his party, he served notice that reports of his eclipse were somewhat premature. With more

conviction, if anything, than ever before, he reiterated his plea for "the century of the common man." He struck hard at economic nationalism and political isolationism, at "a lesser or part-time democracy" which "breeds dissension and class conflicts," at cartelized capitalism and "scarcity economics." He called upon America to assume that responsibility toward world peace and order which it denied a quarter-century ago. He insisted that world leadership "must be more concerned with welfare politics and less with power politics." He challenged our major economic groups to make free enterprise answer the popular demand for full employment and full production. And in London, according to a Reuter's dispatch, the press splashed the speech under banner headlines, despite the many columns that had to be given to Mussolini's fall. Regardless of the commentators and editorial writers, Mr. Wallace ended the week very much politically alive.

Issue Joined. Seen against a larger background, Mr. Wallace's Detroit speech indicates that the progressive forces in the Democratic Party have decided at long last not to let the reforms of the past decade go by default. While the President has been engrossed in the war, conservative Democrats, chiefly from the South, have joined with Republican Congressmen in a smashing assault on what has come to be known as "New Deal" legislation. So far there has been little effective opposition. Mr. Wallace's attack on Jesse Jones, his address at Detroit, Mr. Ickes' charge, made the week before in Manhattan, that businessmen in Government service, not bureaucrats, were running the war and are responsible for most of the blunders on the home front, all seem to indicate that the progressives intend from now on to fight the reactionary trend. While many would prefer to see the common problems of Government, industry, labor and agriculture solved by collaboration, there seems little hope that this will happen. The fact is inescapable that the nation, even in the midst of war, is facing a showdown fight over the nature and control of our economy. Since this is so, Mr. Wallace's challenge to economic reactionaries and political isolationists is both welcome and overdue. It is regrettable, though, that, like Mr. Browder and the Communists, he has injected "Fascism" into a purely American dispute. While there are tendencies in our national life which resemble, and are even identical with, aspects of both Fascism and Nazism, there is nothing to be gained by importing foreign terminology into American politics. Mr. Wallace would do better to stick to realities and leave smear-labels to the Communists.

High Cost of Dying. An unusual legal controversy at Vinto, Iowa, reveals that a good many people

are just as disturbed by the high cost of dying as by the rise in living costs. The State's Attorney General recently brought an ouster action against the Keystone Burial Association, a funeral cooperative with over a thousand family members, alleging that the association was engaged in business not authorized by the law under which it was incorporated, and was, therefore, illegally engaged in the profession of embalming. But the Judge who presided at the hearings was unconvinced by the Attorney General's arguments and threw the case out of court. This decision, according to the *Cooperative Consumer*, may now lead the State to drop further legal attacks against consumer-minded Iowans for organizing cooperative burial associations throughout their rich and fertile land. Already these have slashed burial expenses for some 60,000 members, and the number is growing. It appears that this development has aroused the opposition of Hawkeye morticians, who are said to have instigated the legal campaign begun so inauspiciously at Vinto. The *Cooperative Consumer* hailed the decision as "a victory for the Coops against the organized funeral directors of the State."

Ford at Eighty. Last Friday, July 30, Henry Ford reached the age of four score years, surpassing the Scriptural mark by a decade. The whole nation wishes him well and pays honor to the virtues of America's greatest industrialist. Perhaps he stands for one ideal above all others: the power of man to shape his own environment. Henry Ford has not been swept along by the spirit of the time. In no little part he has created "the American way of life" in its industrial phases. At the same time his strategy was too high for American high finance. Mr. Ford owns the Ford Motor Company, despite the tidal forces of Wall Street that threatened to engulf him. He is still paddling his own billion-dollar canoe. He decided to employ Negroes in his factories many years ago; despite the racial antipathies of white workers and, without more ado, he made this praiseworthy policy work. When he wanted his technicians to perform mechanical tricks for him, he made them perform the tricks, against all their complaints. In his domestic life he has pursued the even tenor of his way, turning his back on the "jazz" age and high living with its self-indulgence, domestic discords and blatant fanfare. In some ways the community has bent the will of Henry Ford to its will; that he has yielded adds to our respect for him. He stands for simple living, for quiet and faithful family ways, for hard work, for the full use of the land. He has misguidedly stood for indefensible causes, too; but that is now all water under the bridge. To understand the mistakes and missed opportunities that can be laid at Henry Ford's door one must keep in mind the immature America in which his social outlook was developed. The loss of Edsel was a heavy blow to his father, whose courage in carrying on is another proof of his moral strength. Many truths we must learn from others; but we can all learn some from Henry Ford. For he has done more in his lifetime

than just make automobiles. He has unfolded a personality that is in itself remarkable.

Blattids in the Bronx. Innumerable blattids, or *blattidae*, have invaded the Bronx. They are two inches long, fly like dive-bombers, sport four-inch antennae, and terrify patrons of public bars, for which they seem to have an affinity. They originate, it is said, in sewer pipes, but have no connection with Borough contracts, or other civic transactions, past or future. Politically they are neutral. Socially, their name is cockroach, and housewives are prostrated. Plagues of this kind are sometimes mitigated by viewing them in a larger frame of reference. A cosmic, not a merely localized, view of the situation will recall that the blattids are no mean citizens of the insect world. To be precise, there are some 750,000 varieties of cockroaches in the world (compared with a measly 150,000 varieties of the over-vaunted butterfly). At least, so an entomologist friend informs us, who has chased them in every State of the Union, not to speak of all Central America. Illimitable are the possibilities of the *blattidae*. Is it in Costa Rica where they are a vivid green, and sail their graceful bodies four inches long through the tropical air? Scientists are writing a prolegomena to an eventual catalog, or Social Register, of the blattids, which will be finished around 2143. Blattids are sensitive to their environment. We suggest to the Bronxites, pending the departure of their guests, that they work for newer and better blattids. Something of bewitching beauty may evolve.

Benito and the Market. Two days after the fall of the erstwhile Il Duce from political eminence, headlines were shouting: "Stock Market Off on Mussolini Fall." Clarifying paragraphs explained that "rails and armament-makers were hardest hit, in the sharpest setback since April 9." The phrases might have been culled from the papyri of the third century, to illustrate the trend in Roman markets—and hence in world markets—attendant upon the fall of a barracks emperor or the death of a Diocletian. The phenomenon is perennial. As long as men will gamble on future business, some will lose. Nor is this immoral. All business is a matter of purchase and sale, and risk that sale may not match purchase. Corporations issue stock both for investment and for speculation. The public uses both functions of the stock. Indeed governmental supervision is needed to prevent chicanery among industry and dealers and holders of coupons. But no supervision can prevent defeat in warfare or a major political downfall. The moralist grieves for the poor lambs shorn in the process, yet he cannot condemn them for enjoying their right to be shorn.

Turmoil in Italy. Our Italian emigrés are reported in the press as quite divided on sound future policy for their country. A fair number incline to favor complete destruction of the régime, and this seemed in line with OWI propaganda broadcasts throwing odium on the King and his new Prime Minister. The idea appeared to be that nothing

would suit us short of an end of the monarchy and the inauguration of some type of social-democratic rule. Such a course appears to take no account of reality. We are in a war which is the climax of all wars. Now it is a solid military principle to choose your objective, and then to throw the greatest available power at that objective. No military man would deliberately create chaos in the field through which he is going to move his forces. We expect to move through or alongside of Italy toward our last objective, Nazi Germany. Our worst strategy would be to foment, or even to tolerate, a revolution in Italy. When the war is over, Italy can make its own political arrangements. Until that time her local problems must give place to more imperative considerations.

Pentecost in Focus. With Italian affairs coming to the boiling point, the foresight and practical wisdom of our Holy Father's Pentecost address to the Italian workers shine out more and more strikingly. There can be no doubt that the Pope read clearly the falling barometer of Fascist fortunes, and that his plea to the workers to remember that their "salvation does not lie in revolution . . . which proceeds from injustice and civil insubordination" was looking forward to the tension of the present setup. That tension lies not merely in the confusion consequent on the collapse of Fascism; it is made taut by the elements of Communism which have been stirred to the surface of the unholy political brew. Neither Fascism nor Nazism, despite the pretensions of their leaders, have been an antidote to Communism; in the Pentecost condemnation of Fascism there was the clear warning that Red revolution might well be worse. Previous warnings were sharply pointed up by the July 28 Vatican broadcast, which denounced the dictator principle. Now was the time to be done with dictators, of whatever variety. "The Pope," said the speaker, "condemns those who misuse popular sentiments and claim the right to abandon laws as an answer to popular outbursts and emotional, transient feeling."

One Error for Morrison. Herbert Morrison, British Home Secretary, says Britain will remember after the war that the Irish remained neutral during it. The implication is that the Irish will get what is coming to them—whatever that may be. (Other neutrals—Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey—please copy.) Perhaps the United States will be dealt with properly (if Mr. Morrison's policy prevails) for not entering the war before Pearl Harbor. But Mr. Morrison's policy will not prevail. He is cutting his own throat. For Britain's political wisdom has taught her the great advantages of *forgetting*. When it comes to remembering, the Irish, not only in Eire but all over the world, will lick you all hollow. So will the people of India. So, for that matter, will the people of the United States. The hope of a brighter world depends on a self-induced spell of political amnesia. We expect the Poles to forget, don't we? Chalk up one bad error for Herbert Morrison.

UNDERSCORINGS

ECCLESIASTICUS gives us an example in praising men of renown in their generation. Henceforth, from time to time, *Underscorings* will record the names of Chaplains who died in service. Along with Fathers Washington and Liston was Father Valmore G. Savignac of Providence, also lost. Father P. X. Flaherty, C.S.V., was killed by accident on maneuvers in Louisiana, July 20. Father Regis Barret, O.S.B., died in East Africa, July 12. Father Thomas Knox, U.S.N., former Chief of Chaplains, died a natural death. To the honor-roll may be added Rev. Jesus Viado and Rev. José Miranda, Filipinos.

► Archbishop Lucey of San Antonio was host in late July to a seminar for leaders to work among the Spanish-speaking people of the West and Southwest. Father Paul Tanner, Director of the N.C.W.C. Youth Department, declared that we are oblivious of the "fantastic potential for social reform that lies with youth."

► Forthcoming is a circularization of all religious congregations of nuns for the compiling of a comprehensive book on the various sisterhoods, their history, customs, rules. The work is in the hands of Rev. C. A. Chapman, S.J., of Saint Mary's, Kas.

► Hotly controverted since its inception, England's new Education Bill will shortly go before the Cabinet for final approval. Observers think that the Bill will present Catholics with a dilemma. Either they hand their schools over to Government control, with the right to have priests visit them for religious education, or they keep control of the schools and pay half the operating costs. To do this, the Westminster Archdiocese alone would have to raise \$5,000,000.

► Last week Major Bowes, of radio fame, presented 100,000 copies of Archbishop Spellman's book, *The Road to Victory*, to service men of all creeds.

► Included in the new Polish Cabinet appointed by Premier Mikolajczyk and confirmed by President Raczewicz, is Monsignor Sigismund Kaczynski, as Minister of Education. The Monsignor has long been interested in labor problems and legislation. On a trip to the United States, in 1942, he established a branch of the Polish Catholic Press Agency in New York city.

► Bishop-Elect MacDonald will be consecrated at Antigonish, August 24, with Archbishop Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, as Consecrator. Bishop Morrison of Antigonish and Bishop Bray of Saint John will assist, and Bishop Dignan of Sault Ste. Marie will preach. Bishop MacDonald will govern the See of Peterboro.

► Sunday, August 1, the Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., Director of the Institute of Catholic Social Studies at C.U., began a series of five addresses on the *Catholic Hour*. His topic is "The Path of Duty."

► Headed by seventeen Bishops and many other dignitaries, 3,000 clergy and laity assembled in Newark, July 29, for a solemn pontifical Mass commemorative of Archbishop Walsh's twenty-fifth anniversary as a Bishop.

THE NATION AT WAR

IN the week ending July 27, interesting and important events have occurred.

The Axis defense in west and central Sicily ended with the surrender of thousands of Italians to the American 7th Army. At least a part of the population welcomed the arrival of the Allies.

In northeast Sicily, the Axis resistance against the British, and later against the Canadians, stiffened. The British 8th Army has been stuck just outside of Catania for ten days. In spite of the strong Allied navies, more German troops have arrived in Sicily.

The Axis holds positions along the slopes of Mt. Etna on higher ground, from which it overlooks the British down below in the plain. It has made the most of this advantage. The Americans, having cleared their part of the island, are now moving eastwards along the north shore. At date of writing they had not arrived at the Mt. Etna line.

During the last two years numerous appeals have been made asking the Italians to abandon their Fascist government and surrender. The latest appeal was by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill on July 16. On the 18th, this was indignantly rejected by the Secretary of the Fascist Party. Next day, the 19th, Rome was heavily bombed by American air forces. The targets were the railroad yards and airfields which lie around the outside of the built-up part of the city.

The reports of this bombing indicate that, from a military point of view, it did accomplish considerable destruction of the objectives intended. It unfortunately, but not intentionally, caused much damage to objectives in the vicinity which had no military importance.

Just what effect this bombing and the appeal to surrender had upon the Italians is yet unknown. The members of the Government were in Rome at the time of the bombing, except Mussolini, who was away at a conference with Hitler. He brought back with him proposals to abandon all Italy south of Florence, including Rome, as being undefendable against an invasion by sea.

On this Mussolini split with the King, who refused his consent. The resignation of Mussolini immediately followed. The consequences of this remain to be seen.

The advance of the Russians on Orel is continuing, but their attacks elsewhere have slackened. The reports of prisoners taken, and of tanks destroyed, as given out for each side by its opponent, indicates that the Russians have lost much more heavily. This may explain the decline in Russian efforts, and renewed suggestions from Moscow to hurry the opening of a real second front. The battle at Orel is not over. The Russians may take it.

In the south Pacific, heavy fighting is occurring on New Georgia Island. Japanese guerrillas crawled through the jungle to the rear of the Americans, giving them one very bad night. Our planes are bombing the Japs with enormous quantities of explosives, to aid the advance of the ground troops.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WASHINGTON Front is written this week during a swing through the rural Midwest. As almost always holds, when one spending most of his time in Washington gets into the country's producing areas, he gets a new appreciation of the strength and greatness of America. The furor of the Capital's quarrels seems to diminish in direct relation to distance from it. Out here the conflicts of administrators and czars are kept in better proportion; they are read about and discussed and then put away, for always there is productive work that needs to be done.

Evidence of this strength and greatness is everywhere. You feel it as you watch a farmer and his wife, one operating a tractor and the other a binder, rolling across a rich grain field under a hot Minnesota sun. You feel it as you watch armies of men turning out ocean-going war vessels on an inland river a thousand miles from salt water. You see it in munitions plants sprung up from the prairies to produce the goods of war.

Beside all this, Washington's conflicts seem minor; here the big job is being done. It recalls the story of the noise of evil, the quiet of good: "Stand outside a boisterous night club," someone said, "and you hear a tremendous din. Stand outside a convent and you hear nothing."

Corn dominates talk in the rural Midwest today. Some farmers hold thousands of bushels in barns and cribs, unwilling to sell at the Government's \$1.07 per-bushel ceiling price. Others with stock to be fed, and corn gone or dwindling, wonder how to meet feed problems. A black market in corn has sprung up, with trucks going through the country buying up what they can at above-ceiling prices.

In Iowa, the story is told of the hog-raiser who went to a nearby corn-grower to get grain for his hogs. He bought a sizable store of corn at the \$1.07 ceiling. But a day or two later the farmer who sold the corn did a piece of garden plowing for his corn-buying friend—and was paid \$440 for it.

Many farmers are feeding corn to hogs because they expect to get a greater per-bushel return, at present pork prices, than if it were sold for commercial uses at the \$1.07 ceiling. Average weight of hogs received in the Chicago stockyards in the first three weeks in July was 287 pounds, the heaviest on record for this period.

But a Minnesota packer reports just the opposite—the marketing of hogs lighter than the usual run because of feed shortages. Again the paradox; plentiful supply, but maldistribution.

With reports from the fighting fronts good, the spirit of people out here is, of course, at high level. There are a few notes of criticism, as of Government waste in building a Midwest war plant that never was used, or of huge piles of auto tires, taken from motorists, left lying unused month after month outside a large city. But again, these are isolated matters; by and large rural mid-America is united and doing a truly heroic job.

CHARLES LUCEY

MUSSOLINI BETRAYED THE TRUE CULTURE OF EUROPE

WILFRID PARSONS

WHEN Benito Mussolini retired into the shadows on July 25, it was hard not to quote the epitaph which Shakespeare put into the mouth of Marc Antony, speaking of an earlier Italian tyrant:

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world.

Whether the Duce was merely a sawdust Caesar, as his enemies declared, or whether, had circumstances been different, he would have been revealed as one of the great builders of a new Europe, only history will reveal. The fact is that just before his fall, he was to most of the world merely a pathetic little, short-legged figure, enormous jaw unshaven, tagging along manfully but hopelessly after the sinister, dark Fuehrer of the North.

Most of us have forgotten how great he loomed in Europe only fifteen years ago or less. It may be well, therefore, for us to recall some disregarded facts, and ask ourselves what this man, so un-Italian in many ways, did to Italy and to Europe, and so to the world.

It was my good fortune to live in Rome from 1919 to 1921, when Italy still lay prostrate and discouraged after the first World War, but when a new portent was beginning to arise in the North which had as its symbol the *fascies* of ancient Rome, symbol of her power and glory. A dozen civil wars were being waged in as many cities throughout the peninsula, but out of the welter of confusion there began to emerge a pattern which every day became more distinct. It was, we thought, the nemesis of Communism and the rising of the middle classes against the threatened dictatorship of the proletariat, which had engulfed Russia and, for a time, Hungary.

It was not long, however, before we became aware that this was no mere counter-revolution. It was a revolution in its own right. So it was proclaimed to be by its leader, the ex-Socialist editor and agitator, Benito Mussolini. And so it was in fact. It was destined to change the face of Italy and turn history into a new channel.

Like every historic movement that ever was, it had two faces: one hopeful and invigorating, and the other dark and terribly menacing. It offered new hope to a listless and disunited people by preaching to its youth the gospel of discipline and order. But it also preached another gospel, straight out of hell, the gospel of force and of government by assassination. It called every citizen to cooperate for the common good in a corporate effort, but it

also was, by its own admission, a totalitarian dictatorship.

We know now that the Italian revolution, like its German counterpart, went through two phases, and we know, therefore, that there are really two Fascisms. The first was born of a fear of Communism among the propertied classes, which used a gang of violent men to seize the reins of government in order to protect them and their own investments. The second happened soon after success, which was marked in Italy by the March on Rome. The revolution turned on its parents and devoured them. The propertied classes, along with their property, were, to all intents and purposes, taken over by the new régime, which left the owners only the bare ownership but took to itself management and control.

It is well to pause for a moment and reflect that this was precisely what happened in Germany, as Fritz Thyssen has since confessed, and that it is what will always happen when a frightened and deluded capitalism imagines that it can ride the storm it has conjured. Perhaps the greatest practical argument against Communism is that it inevitably creates an opposing Fascism; yet the greatest argument against Fascism as a remedy for Communism lies in the fact that it substitutes for Communism a system no whit less destructive of the rights of property and of human dignity.

All this, however, did not immediately appear on the face of things in Italy. Returning travelers reported joyously that the trains now ran on time and that beggars had been liquidated. This observer himself, on later visits to Rome in 1925 and again in 1928, saw the change. The new régime began to build, feverishly but efficiently. Slums were eliminated, marshes were drained, unemployment disappeared. It was no wonder that the passing traveler, who knew the Italy of old, was enthusiastic, especially if he came from a country which put efficiency and material progress at the head of the benefits of civilization.

But to one who had the means, as I had, of penetrating beneath the surface, there was a different story. The whole country, I realized with astonishment, was paralyzed with fear. Nobody even dared to mention the name of Mussolini in public. Even the American students in Rome, traditionally care-free, never spoke his name, but called him Mulligan. The whole population—peasant and worker, banker and statesman—was held in an iron vise of

terror. It was well known that even the lifting of an eyebrow was punished by death.

This is what Mussolini did to Italy and ultimately to the whole of Europe. One of the keenest observers in Rome, now alas dead, assured me that the Blackshirts, the gunmen of the régime, were the dregs of the population. He recounted how, unnoticed, he stood on the curb at a Fascist parade, and he told me that never, in so small a time, had he seen on human visages so many traces of vice and human degradation. It was one of the many curious aspects of Fascism that it absorbed into itself, as has been well said, "even those who might have wanted to destroy it."

Fascism, so I was assured by one who was closest to the Duce, was not a philosophy, but merely a course of action. "That man" professed no doctrine of the State, but merely did the thing that seemed the next thing to do. The years were to belie this contention. Mussolini himself wrote the article on Fascism in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, and there he made it very clear that his was the old Hegelian doctrine of the State, a super-entity, which owed nothing to the citizens, but to which the citizens were subject without question and without recourse. I myself heard a Fascist Ambassador to the United States say that "we have changed the old ideas; the citizen now exists for the State, not the State for the citizen."

This was one of Mussolini's contributions to European statecraft. There was still another. He was the author of the word *totalitarian* and he applied it to the kind of nation he was building. It meant not only that there was only one political party in the State, but that all the subjects of that State were intellectually bound to that Party's doctrine. This was an idea borrowed, of course, from Communism, and the means to enforce it were also characteristically Communist: the secret police, the purges, the collectivist attitude toward business.

As late as 1938 Mussolini, in talking to American visitors, spoke of Hitler as his follower and henchman. He did not like the fellow, he said, but he was "forced" to use him for his purposes. The purposes were Mussolini's ideas of a new order, and he made no secret of his intention to forge a four-power alliance of Germany, Italy, France and Britain. The Britain, of course, was the Britain of Baldwin and Chamberlain and the France the France of Daladier and Laval. It was to be a powerful economic combine, armed at all points against Russia (and presumably the United States), and its chief was to be the Duce.

It was Mussolini himself who stabbed that plan in the back, when he moved on Ethiopia. First of all, the revelation of the Hoare-Laval pact, which he and Hitler had counted on to flout the League of Nations with, buried that scheme in a whirlwind of scorn in France and England. Secondly, the cynical immorality of it, to be repeated later at Munich, brought a deep moral cleavage in the conscience of Europe. Finally, the resistance to Mussolini's rape of Ethiopia threw him into the arms of Hitler and made him henceforth the henchman of that dicta-

tor, instead of his master. The no less cynical way in which he and Hitler used their support of Franco's Spanish revolt as a testing ground of their own ambitions merely sealed his doom.

Was his influence, then, purely destructive of human values? What of his settlement of the Roman Question, his protection of Christian marriage and education in the Concordat, his restoration of the Crucifix to the schoolroom and the courthouse? In answer to those questions, let me ask another. Was Mussolini a Christian? Nobody knows. In his earlier years he openly professed the atheism usual to a Socialist in those days. In his later period, he kept his religious convictions an impenetrable secret, though he did sometimes speak of himself privately as a "convert" and appeared at occasional religious celebrations.

As for the improved relations with the Church, and his recognition of the Catholic character of the Italian people, I can see no reason to believe that he looked on them as anything more than the prudent actions of a statesman who takes into consideration all the facts of a situation. Italy is profoundly Catholic, whatever many of its citizens are on the surface. That was enough for Mussolini to consider Catholicism as one of the factors in his problem. Incidentally, the sharp difference between Mussolini's and Hitler's treatment of religion are only another proof that the will of the people is important, even in a dictatorship.

In a profounder sense, however, I think it must be admitted that Mussolini was an enemy of religion. I mean in his policy of training youth. To dispel any doubts on that score, one has only to read what Pope Pius XI said of him when he destroyed the Catholic Action societies, which were the principal means the Pope counted on to educate young Italians in a restoration of a truly Christian order. Whatever religious influences were brought to bear on Catholic children in the schools must have been largely dissipated in the pagan atmosphere of the Fascist semi-military groups of youth of all ages, in which the supreme values were physical health, the use of violence, and the doctrine that any action is a good one if it tends to advance the interests of Italy.

It is this kind of education which Hitler copied from Mussolini, and which Der Fuehrer employed as an instrument of conquest among the Germans—a kind of education which the more civilized and Christian Italians could never have wholly accepted. The real spiritual crisis of the past decade lies in this conflict between traditional beliefs and imposed political ideologies. It has resulted in the acceptance, even among Catholics, of quite immoral axioms of statecraft, and in a confusion of conscience which ruined France and all but destroyed the unity of the human race.

Mussolini's passing leaves to the curious world one of the most fascinating puzzles possible: when the veil of dictatorship is lifted from Italy, and Italians can once more express themselves, will they be a new race of Latins, or will we have the same old Italians, whom the world has long loved and admired?

THE WAR COMES HOME TO ITALY

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

MUSSOLINI resigned his high office of Head of the Government on July 26. The reason was stated to be a difference of opinion between himself and the King as to contemplated military measures.

From dispatches from neutral sources, it appears that early on Sunday, the 26th, Mussolini convened the assistant Ministers of War, Air and Navy. He laid before them for consideration a German proposition urging the evacuation of Italy south of a line across the peninsula through the Apennine Mountains north of Florence.

This would mean the abandonment of Rome, and two-thirds of Italy. Only that part which surrounded the plain of the Po River would be seriously defended. The evacuation of the peninsula could be deferred until the Allies had been forced to undertake an invasion. But initial steps were to be taken at once, commencing with the removal of war supplies, railroad rolling stock, motor vehicles and important industries. What could not be removed was to be destroyed.

Mussolini had been his own Minister of War, and of Air and of the Navy. This was why he asked the *assistant* Ministers to consider this plan. They declined to accept the responsibility of deciding the matter, and suggested that the entire Cabinet be convened. The other Ministers were then sent for.

The Cabinet had a heated debate for and against the German recommendation. It was decided to shift the responsibility upon the King, in whose name the decision would have to be made. This occurred about 4:00 P.M. Mussolini was in favor of accepting the German plan. The King's reaction was unfavorable. He opposed abandoning any part of Italy. Mussolini then resigned.

At 11:00 P.M. (their time) Rome's powerful radio station announced Mussolini's resignation, and read out the King's appointment of Marshal Badoglio as his successor. This decision appears to have been a hasty one. For if Badoglio had known in advance of this change, he would have had his own announcement ready. It was not ready. The radio station went off the air until 11:20 P.M., when Badoglio's proclamation was read. It reads as if it had been drafted suddenly—purely formal.

Both proclamations (of the King and of the new Head of Government) stated that the war is to be continued. Radio instructions were sent out to the troops to that effect.

What is the value of the German plan?

There had been a conference of German and Italian generals of the High Commands at, or near, Verona, between July 17 and 19. Those attending were competent generals, and the military situation was such that the advisability of abandoning the

Italian peninsula, rather than trying to defend it, must have been considered. The invasion of Sicily called for prompt decision and action.

According to Axis sources, the Allies had about forty divisions in the Mediterranean available for invasion purposes. About ten were used in the initial landing in Sicily. This may have been the maximum number which could be moved at one time. To meet such forces, the Axis would need something comparable. They did have about ten divisions in Sicily. But the Allies could bring over another ten within a few days, and more later if they needed them. The Axis, not having control of the sea, could not reinforce their troops to the same extent, nor as quickly. It seems a foregone conclusion that the Axis troops in Sicily will sooner or later be overwhelmed.

The same situation would apply to any other island. If the Axis knew which one was to be attacked, they might arrange to have a superior force there beforehand. But if this was unknown, the Axis did not have enough troops to place more on Sardinia, on Corsica, on Crete, and on other islands, than the Allies could concentrate against whichever one of them they chose. For the Axis it did not make sense to defend islands whose ultimate loss was practically certain.

With regard to the Italian peninsula: if Axis troops concentrated in the south part, the Allies might land as far north as Leghorn, and cut off troops to the south. They might land opposite Rome, or in Naples itself. The Axis has not enough troops to defend all of these places simultaneously. The Germans proposed to give up territories where Allied sea power made a surprise invasion possible.

A line through the north part of Tuscany across the Peninsula would be about 140 miles long. It is mountainous and a good line to defend. Unless the Allies first march through the Balkans, or in south France and the Riviera, the proposed line could not be turned. The Allies would have to attack it from the front, under conditions which would give the Axis more than a fighting chance to win. The alternatives are very difficult operations. The German plan is militarily sound.

The generals at Verona were joined on the morning of the 19th by Mussolini, who had come up on the night train. Hitler arrived later by plane. The generals made their report, and Hitler and Mussolini ratified their decision. They had had no time to make up a plan of their own. Then Hitler flew back to Germany, and Mussolini took the night train back to Rome.

While Mussolini had been away, Rome had been bombed. When he arrived at his office on the morning of the 20th, it was not a good day to bring up the question of abandoning to the enemy Rome itself, and more than half of Italy. He delayed bringing up the matter until the 26th, with the results already pointed out.

What will follow from the Italian change can not yet be foreseen. The Italians cannot defend the peninsula of Italy alone, although they may force the Allies to stage large invasion expeditions. Many think that the King of Italy's abrupt action pres-

ages a move for a separate peace. This is possible. A large part of the Italian people have never been interested in establishing an empire, and are unwilling to fight on. Others have different ideas. Some Italian troops have fought with great courage, some have given way at the first opportunity, some have refused to fight at all. The people are divided as to going on with the war. And a divided country is a weak one.

The new Italian government may go on with the war, and do what it can to defend Italy. If the Italians do not willingly go back to the line that the Germans proposed, they may be forced to go there sooner or later. If the Italians decide not to fight any longer, some kind of peace proposal to the Allies will be in order. In the meantime, German troops are in north Italy in large numbers, back of the proposed line of defense.

PLEA FOR LIVING SPACE A BLIND

WALTER FROEHLICH



THE manifold aspects of migration in relation to the future peace demand that we ask ourselves a few basic questions. Is there a real need for emigration in other parts of the world? Why does it exist? To what extent is restriction of migration an obstacle to enduring peace? Can the situation be alleviated otherwise than by allowing migration to this country or to other countries similarly placed?

A treatment of these problems must first dispel misconceptions. The *Lebensraum* problem, as the Germans presented it, is fictitious. The expression *Lebensraum* cannot be adequately translated into a Western language. No English phrase can convey the biological, collectivist, geopolitical and metaphysical connotation of the German term. The problem seems to be a problem of re-education. In reality, the quest for *Lebensraum* is nothing but a screening device for aggression against, and exploitation of, other people.

There are many reasons for emigration. Religious, racial, national minorities are persecuted; sometimes whole peoples fall prey to home-grown dictators or foreign aggressors; there is fear of war, etc. If we can achieve peaceful international relations and a reasonable amount of individual freedom in all countries, the need for migration will decrease considerably. There will still remain some demand for migration; but it will be mainly a quest for economic opportunity, as it was in the late nineteenth century.

One thing is certain: economic opportunity is not a matter of space. It is true that the United States is relatively sparsely settled; but if we look more

closely at internal migration within our borders, we shall find that population flows from the sparsely settled countryside to the crowded metropolitan areas. There was never an economic problem of colonial space for the Germans. A good proof of this is that there was never any migration to the German colonies, and hardly any trade with them, either. In 1913, twenty years after Germany had obtained most of its colonies, there were less than 20,000 Germans of all occupations in all German colonies. But, it might be argued, the German colonies were poor. Yet the same applies to colonies considered to be richly endowed with important raw materials. Between 1865 and 1924, over 17,000 more Hollanders entered the Netherlands from the Dutch colonies than left for these colonies. In 1930, the number of foreign-born whites living in New York City was more than seven times the total of the 300,000 European emigrants who had settled in colonial Africa in the past century.

The Germans have talked incessantly about population increase. They have, by many means, tried to increase the birth rate. German-speaking people from all parts of the world have been recalled to Germany in order to create population pressure. Yet there is no real population increase. Population increase can be measured best by the net reproduction rate which shows how many future mothers are born to a mother (1.0 being the minimum necessary for a stable population). The rate in Germany before the First World War was 1.5. According to official German statistics, the rate was 0.98 in 1926, 0.71 in 1933, 0.906 in 1936 and 0.945 in 1938. If Austria and the Sudetenland are included, the rate was only 0.91 in 1938. That clearly indicates future population decrease. The German statisticians have tried hard to manipulate the figures; but even on the basis of the most "optimistic" assumptions, the results are not much different. An official German study "assumed" that the fertility rate will at least remain at the 1936 level, that the marriage rate will increase somewhat, that infant mortality will decrease by one-third and that the rates for Austria (which were included in that study) will rise to the level of the old Reich. Thus the population figures would be:

1939:	75 millions
1970:	80 millions
2000:	78 millions, with further decreases after the year 2000.

At its best this is a fairly stable population level.

But what is the situation in countries where there is a high birth rate and a real population increase? Italy's unhappy colonial experience is not decisive; neither Libya nor Abyssinia is suited for settlement. But, in Korea, Japan provides us with a striking example. Climatic conditions and population density seem to be extremely favorable to settlement; yet there has been very little migration. There has been only a slight excess of Japanese emigration to Korea over Korean emigration to Japan; and this emigration went to the most densely populated area of Japan, namely to the industrial areas. There were about as many Japanese killed in the Russo-Japanese war, which opened up Man-

churia to Japanese emigration, as there were Japanese immigrants to Manchuria in the quarter-century after the war.

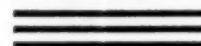
What then is the real solution to the problem of "living space"? One task we mentioned is the educational task: people must be told the facts. But there is still another. The self-styled "have-not" countries have aggravated their own economic position and lowered their own standard of living by striving towards self-sufficiency. The more "nationalistic" the economic as well as other policies are, the greater will be the population pressure and at the same time the smaller the chances for a peaceful migration. Population movements conducive to peace will be possible only if the immigrants are willing and able to accept a new allegiance and adapt themselves gradually to new ways of life. Excessive nationalism as well as "fifth-column" mentality, more than anything else, might necessitate selection, restriction and even stoppage of entry to certain immigrants on non-economic grounds. It is necessary that all concerned "remain anxious to eliminate, as far as possible, all obstacles to the birth and growth of real confidence between the country of emigration and that of immigration" in order that "the states which receive the emigrants will acquire industrious citizens" (Pope Pius XII, Pentecost Address, 1941).

Population movements will encounter tremendous difficulties. There ought to be little doubt that freer trade relations, easier movement of capital between all countries and collective security bringing about lowering of military expenditures will make for maintenance of a greater population in the homeland at a decent standard of living. Instead of forcing population movements, it might sometimes be easier to strive for better trade relations and for abolition of restrictive monopolistic practices in international trade, as well as within each nation. That also gives each nation better living possibilities. A special problem in the fight against "restrictionism" will be the splitting up of large estates still prevalent in Eastern Germany, Hungary and elsewhere. This will be necessary in order to restrain a powerful group dangerous to the peace (the Junkers and their counterparts) and in order to create a more diversified peasant economy peculiarly suited to Eastern Europe.

What then is our task? We have promised "Access on equal terms to the trade and the raw materials of the world" (the Atlantic Charter, sec. 4) and, a bit more specifically, "the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce and . . . the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers" (Art. VII of the Lend-Lease agreements). That means that raw materials should be had on a basis of fair and open competition without being subjected to monopoly; and that trade—especially the export necessary to pay for imports—should also be fairly free from monopoly and trade restrictions set up by tariffs and other devices. By these means we will already have reduced a good part of the population pressure, and will be in a much better situation to attack the remaining problems.

UNIONISTS VICTIMS OF POLITICALISM

TIM O'BRIEN



THERE are thousands of trade-unionists in the larger industrial centers who are suffering and have suffered long from the ill effects of political unionism. By political unionism I do not mean those numerous practices whereby good and well-founded unions keep an alert eye for unjust legislation, and act accordingly. I refer to the politics of those extremist union leaders who put their political philosophies above the well being of the rank-and-file union members, as the American Communists did before June 22, 1941.

Right now, in New York City, there are not a few union leaders bent on advancing their political "lines." They are working up widespread resentment among workingmen and furnishing the kindling to keep Pegler's big bonfire going. One of the most disgraceful phases of this political unionism is the suffering on the part of workers that comes from the feud between the Right and Left wings of the so-called American Labor Party.

In unions controlled by either of these factions, the economic welfare of the rank and file is a very secondary thing. The closed shop is used to exclude those who do not consent to arbitrary, dictatorial rule, numerous and unjust assessments for the carrying on of political action, etc. The opposition movements in these unions is hampered by packed committees, intimidation, slander and expulsion. Oftentimes people who have worked at a skilled trade and know no other means of livelihood are ousted, solely because they oppose the political ideologies of the leaders. Although these unfortunates may have large families and may have adjusted themselves to a certain level of security, they must take their expulsion lying down. The feeding of kids and a man's prior right to make a living mean nothing when the political tornado sweeps through.

There are many reasons to believe that these politics are not the politics of the rank and file. For one thing, even though many Left-wingers in control of unions pretend to speak for so many thousands of voters, an analysis of election returns easily indicates that in most cases they have delivered only about one per cent of the vote they claimed. To know workers in such controlled unions, as this writer does, is to know that the only reason a wave of resentment isn't obviously present is because there is definite fear of reprisals. To date there is no record of a court case which has marked the prior right of a man to his job over the often recognized right of private organizations to choose or reject members as they see fit. This writer thinks it necessary that such exclusion on political grounds should be declared illegal.

Many unions today face the evils of political-

ism. When the international officers on the executive committees and other committees are composed of Socialists, Trotskyites, Communists and others, the worker at the bottom is the football kicked around in the maneuver for power. Oftentimes it is necessary to call a strike to effect a *coup d'état*. The hardships ensuing on such strikes, the justness of such strikes, or the illegality mean nothing in the face of the political drive.

The reason I have time to sit and write this is that I am not working, because of the exclusion policy of my union. If you can bear with a chronology of my difficulties, you will easily see the point I am trying to bring out:

Back in August, 1940, I married and, to prepare for coming offspring, I necessarily had to quit my free-lance Catholic Social activities and take a job. I took a job in the fur industry as a laborer. To do this I had to get a working permit from the International Fur and Leather Workers Union. After I worked a few weeks, I appeared before the membership committee and was duly accepted as a member. Since I worked hard and for long hours, I became a skilled worker. I kept up my dues and good standing, abiding by the union by-laws, as I sincerely think any workingman should.

As the months rolled on, it became obvious to me that the union leadership was Communist. I did all in my power at the membership meetings to offset their policy and offer alternatives to everything I opposed. Though I was defeated in most of my efforts, I carried on my crusade for what I consider right principles. I objected to moral and financial support of Vito Marcantonio, the American Peace Mobilization and the whole catalog of Communist personages, policies and front organizations. We dumped so much money down the political sewer we didn't have the means to feed members for a single day in the event of a strike.

Nothing I did was illegal or subversive, and I supported all majority decisions just as I would expect policies I had helped put over to be upheld. Yet, after about six months, I could feel the effects of slander directed against me. I kept on, however, till I felt, since I was draft exempt, that it was my duty to go into war industry. This I did. I applied for and received a transfer to my new CIO union. Shortly after, and at the behest of my physician, I had to go out West for the health of one of my children. After achieving my purpose, and deciding it was to my advantage to return to New York and my skilled job, I came to resume my job.

Before returning I communicated with my boss, and was given the signal to come back and go to work. I was needed badly. The union sent no reply to my application for reinstatement.

Now, if I were acceptable to the union, my organizer, as he has done in thousands of cases, could just sit down and issue me a working permit. This he refused to do, and he didn't register any pleasure when I presented myself. I was told to go to the membership committee for a hearing. Two members of this seven-man committee advised me to return the following morning for their decision. This decision included something about the need

for two or three weeks for investigation. Investigation for what, I could not find out.

Since then I have been haunting the union hall trying to get my working permit. I am being given a run-around and told to find something else to do until such time as they call me in. How can I depend on them calling me when I know of their deep prejudice and their unwillingness to answer my letters on reinstatement? I since have consulted the American Civil Liberties Union and the Catholic Labor Defense League for advice. Both these units agree that I have no legal grounds to stand on until I have exhausted all the avenues of union procedure. Of course they are right, but when will I be given a chance for these hearings? The latest argument is that the membership-committee members are scattered on vacation. Yet in circulation around the fur market, I contacted twelve people who were put to work in the last few days. I must wait.

So here I am, with the indebtedness incurred by breaking up my family and traveling in from the West. The welfare of my children failed to move the organizer, who could, if he wanted to (or if I was a party stooge), give me a working permit in less than a minute's time. Yet the current policy of the Left-wing unions is employer-employee collaboration! In the only place I can ply my trade, the job is open for me and the firm pleads for help.

It is a crime that these injustices are so flagrantly practised in free America. It is a small example of the ruthlessness of the totalitarian-minded political hacks running roughshod over the basic right of workingmen, while they advance the ideas which will wipe out the liberties of all groups. It particularly pains me, since I have given so much time and effort to the advancement of good unionism, trying to adhere to the Papal writings on labor, and associating myself with those individuals and groups dedicated to the advancement of labor.

Right now I feel I have lost my case. The Communists who are determining my fate are shrewd in their methods. They didn't shout out that I was not wanted, nor did they throw me down the stairs. Their method of wearing me down through a long-drawn-out pretense of legal procedure is all they need to do the trick. Only today, the shop chairman in the place where I should be working called a meeting and forced a vote of employees to reject me on the grounds that my reinstatement would impair the advancement of those who have acquired seniority since I've been gone. I offered to go in and give these people prior rights—to no avail. There is no one next in line competent to take my place.

In spite of the foregoing tale, I still think labor has its right to political action. Samuel Gompers' policy seems to me the most effective, and I think he correctly foresaw the dangers of political unionism. I fervently believe that a united labor movement, without direct political affiliations, would have every politician at its feet. Labor would be the strongest bloc politically, and yet be free from politics. I am strong for a legal check against exclusion from jobs through the closed shop for reasons of religious or political conviction or color.

BUY WAR BONDS— AND HOLD THEM

BENJAMIN L MASSE

EVERY time you buy a war bond, you strike a triple blow for victory in this war, and prosperity in the peace which will follow it. On the other hand, every time you sell one of your bonds, you endanger victory by that much and make the peace harder to win. In what follows, I shall try to explain why this is so.

The war which we are fighting is the most expensive in all history. Not long ago, the Treasury Department announced that during the three-year period from July 1, 1940, to July 1, 1943, the war had cost us \$104,421,000,000.

One hundred billion dollars is a lot of money to spend in three years, so much money that the imagination cannot grasp what it means. But it is only the beginning, so to speak. Right now war expenditures are at the rate of \$265,000,000 daily. If that pace is continued, and the Government intends that it will be, our outlay on the war for the fiscal year which began July 1, 1943, will be \$97,000,000,000!

To obtain all this money, the Government must depend on two sources: borrowing and taxation. To raise such huge sums by taxation alone is impossible. Today we are paying about one-third of the war costs in this way. It may be possible to raise rates to the point where we will be paying one-half the bill by taxes. But beyond that we reach a limit which economists call the point of diminishing returns. The tax burden becomes so heavy that people grow discouraged. They can't see any sense in doing business if the Government takes all the profit. And so production drops—and with it taxable income.

In order to meet its bills, therefore, the Treasury has to borrow a great deal of money. Every time you buy a bond, you are helping Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, to pay for the ships, planes, tanks and guns which are required for victory. You are striking a substantial, if not a spectacular, blow at the enemy.

You are doing more than this: you are helping the Government to keep the domestic economy, on which the war fronts depend, running smoothly and efficiently. And this brings me to the second point.

The national income for 1942 was \$113,824,000,000—highest in our history. This year it will be much more, about \$135,000,000,000. As you no doubt know from your own experience, many people are making more money today than they ever did before. In itself there is nothing wrong in this.

It simply means that almost everybody who can work is busily at work. Factories and mines and shipyards, railroads and farms and stores are all busy, some of them twenty-four hours a day. The huge increase in our national income reflects this full-scale employment at good wages for workers and good prices for farmers.

But in all this prosperity there is a very grave danger. We are not producing enough consumers' goods—food, clothing, shoes, radios, refrigerators, automobiles—to keep pace with our swollen income. When people have paid their old debts, bought the things they need and set something aside for a rainy day, many of them have considerable money left over. It is this money—called "excess purchasing power"—which is worrying fiscal authorities in Washington. Treasury officials are afraid that people will begin to bid against one another for the dwindling supply of consumers' goods, and in this way send prices sky-high.

If that happens, we may still manage to win the war, but we shall certainly prolong it. In addition, we shall endanger the peace. The matter is that serious. For a runaway inflation isn't a bogey that is being used to frighten us into accepting unnecessary regimentation: it is the most cruel disaster that can befall a people.

If our price structure gets out of hand, labor will demand higher and higher wages to keep pace with the snow-balling cost of living. And that will mean industrial unrest, slowdowns and even strikes. The farmers will want more money for their herds and crops, and will try to keep their prices one step ahead of advancing wage scales in the city. The Government, which is now the biggest customer in the country—it is buying more than one-half of our total production—will be forced to pay higher prices for everything it buys. Instead of spending \$97,000,000,000 this year, it may have to spend two or three times that much. The national debt will become so top-heavy that it will threaten the financial stability of the nation. And while all this is going on, people living on fixed incomes—civil-service employees, school-teachers, widows and orphans, those living on pensions or receiving some form of Government assistance, the wives and children of men in the armed services—will suffer horribly.

In order to avoid such a calamity, the Federal Government, through the Office of Price Administration, has instituted a system of rationing and

price controls. But rationing and price controls, while very important, are only stopgaps. They are like levees which engineers hurriedly erect to keep back a flood. But the levees can stand only so much pressure. If the flood-waters continue to rise, the levee cracks, first in this place, then in that, until finally the river breaks through the barrier and inundates the countryside.

If price controls are to stand firm, the pressure threatening them must be reduced, i.e. the excess purchasing power in the hands of our people must somehow be siphoned off. And that means taxes and war loans.

Strictly speaking, the Government could pay for this war without borrowing from the people, since it could go to the commercial banks for whatever funds it needs. But if that were done, the whole system of price controls would be blasted to pieces. When a bank lends money to the Treasury, receiving a Government bond in exchange, it *creates* that money in the form of a credit on its books. The money did not exist before. Therefore, every dollar which the Government borrows from the commercial banks is a *new* dollar added to the flood of dollars already threatening price controls.

Naturally, then, the Government wants to borrow as much as possible of the money it needs from the people. When you buy a twenty-five-dollar bond, the money which you lend to the Government *already exists*. The transaction does not increase the inflationary pressure on prices by adding more money to the already swollen stream. That is the second reason why your bond-purchases help to win the war—they help the fight against inflation.

The third reason for buying war bonds has to do with winning the peace. As soon as this war is over, our people must take up again the problem of production and employment. That problem, we cannot afford to forget, was unfinished business when the nation went to war. We spent ten years trying to solve it, and we failed. In the post-war era, we must solve it under penalty of losing everything we are fighting for. The day that soup-lines form again, and men sell apples on the street corners of our cities may well mark the end of the Republic. Another depression like that of 1929 will be the signal for some dictator to appear and give us bread in exchange for liberty.

Now the experts are not agreed either on the causes of depressions or on the means of stabilizing employment and income at prosperity levels. But fundamental to the whole question is the necessity of putting purchasing power in the hands of the masses of our people. It is not enough that people need goods and services: they must have the wherewithal to satisfy their needs.

All during the depression, millions needed clothes and food and decent housing, but this need did not turn factory wheels or create jobs. The demand was there, but it was not *effective* demand. Similarly, after this war there is going to be a tremendous need for goods and services, for all the things we are now constrained to do without. But unless this need is made effective by widely-diffused pur-

chasing power, we shall not have full production and full employment. The inexorable law of supply and (effective) demand will destroy all efforts to achieve and maintain prosperity.

That is where your war bonds come in. When you buy a war bond, you are storing up a reserve of purchasing power. Once the war is over and factories have reconverted to peacetime production, you will have the means to satisfy your needs. You will be in a position to exert an effective demand on business and industry to furnish you with goods and services. You will be helping to create jobs.

Just as it is necessary to buy war bonds in order to pay for the war, to avoid a runaway inflation and to win the peace, so, too, is it necessary to hold those bonds until after the war. Every time you ask the Treasury to redeem one of your bonds, you help to defeat all the above purposes. You make it harder to pay for the war, to escape inflation and to assure prosperity in the postwar world.

There is a special reason for insisting on these fundamentals now. If you work for a wage or salary, you have been taking home since July 1 a much lighter pay envelope than formerly. The withholding tax, which is a part of the new pay-as-you-go system, is biting a pretty large chunk out of your pay. You no longer *feel* as prosperous as you did before, although, of course, you are as well off as ever. But the feeling is there, and it is dangerous. It may lead you to decrease your purchases of war bonds, and even to sell those you now own.

Something like that has already happened in Canada, and the Dominion's fiscal authorities are understandably worried. One of the chief reasons for adopting a withholding tax at this time is that it is an anti-inflation device. It is a means of preventing the taxable part of wages and salaries from even entering the money stream which is pressing against price controls. It is a good scheme, but it will not work if wage-earners supply the cut in their pay envelopes by selling their war bonds. Then the anti-inflationary effect of the tax is nullified by the inflationary effect of cashing war bonds. The Canadian public failed to appreciate this, with the result that redemptions of war savings certificates jumped from 27 per cent of the total sold in February, when the withholding tax took effect, to 47.8 per cent in May. Now Canadian officials are criticizing the "misunderstanding and irresponsibility on the part of the public."

Our own Treasury officials, with the Canadian experience before them, are watching anxiously to see whether our people will react to the withholding tax with like "misunderstanding and irresponsibility." We, the people, are undergoing a real test of our capacity for self-government. We shall soon know whether we have the intelligence to understand the Government's fight against inflation and the patriotic incentive to cooperate with it. If, in order to avoid the inconvenience of the withholding tax, we stop buying bonds, or begin to sell those we have, we shall be failing in our democratic duty. We shall also be failing the boys in the armed forces and jeopardizing their future—and our own.

Buy war bonds—and hold them!

ELECTRICITY— ENIGMA OF SCIENCE

ORLANDO A. BATTISTA

SCIENTISTS may write books—and articles such as this one—about electricity and its innumerable applications. But just ask a physicist exactly what electricity is.

Undoubtedly the answer will tend to the technical side—a lot of ignorance is sometimes “sugared” by technical phraseology. But you will get an answer—if you are willing to call what you get an answer—and more likely than not a sweeping statement will be made, somewhere between the beginning and ending of the polemic, which will include the words: “streams of electrons.” Of course you will immediately ask, “Well, what are electrons?” Without a moment’s hesitation, the physicist will tell you that electrons are units of “pure” electricity. You may be surprised to hear this, and wonder why you were not told so in the first place, until you suddenly realize that neither of you has come anywhere near to defining “electricity”—let alone deciding what it is!

My advice to anyone who wants to understand what electricity is would be to shuffle all he has ever been told about electricity in a box—so that it all gets very well mixed up—and then forget the box. Nobody really knows what electricity is!

Even though scientists are by no means enlightened as to what, if anything, electricity is, a glimpse at the tremendous strides that have been made with it tells us what man may do with something he doesn’t know anything about. For no one will deny that we have gone a very long way in this realm of science since the day when Galvani got all excited because he saw some frog’s legs, hanging on copper hooks, twitch when they came in contact with steel.

Most of us know the high-lighted historical facts. Volta followed Galvani with the invention of the battery. He came to the simple conclusion that the phenomenon which Galvani witnessed had something to do with two metals coming in contact with one another, and a development of this discovery gave us our *modern* batteries. Our own Ben Franklin is credited with having demonstrated that lightning is nothing more than a giant spark of electricity, and so on. Today, some 200 years after Galvani and Volta, it would require many volumes to tell the history of electric discovery in detail.

We may, however, see the marvels of electricity in our electric-light bulbs, telephones, motion pictures, giant industrial turbines; in our cars, our airplanes, our ships, our tanks, our anti-aircraft guns; in our homes, our offices, in our sprawling factories, cotton mills, printing plants, steel mills, textile mills; in our fastest locomotives. Take away electricity, and the world would shift from high

gear to low gear with about the speed of light!

A formidable amount of experimental justification for the theory that electricity is the basis of all familiar matter is already available; American physicists are the frontiersmen in the field. They are showing that matter as we know it is so “full of holes” that even Joe Louis or Tarzan could be condensed to the size of a pinhead. Remove the empty spaces in the human body, and the solid matter that would be left would not occupy the space of an aspirin tablet! And electricity is at the bottom of all this.

We may see electricity at work correcting human frailties and inefficiencies—speeding up production a thousandfold in many instances, or making possible mathematical accuracies that would set Einstein spinning in circles. Giant X-ray tubes that cure cancer or locate flaws in ten-ton castings just wouldn’t make sense without electricity. And this same electricity permits man to study microbes that weigh a few quadrillionths of an ounce, or viruses that pass through the finest materials known to man. Not long ago, out of curiosity, I examined the edge of a razor blade under an electron microscope—it was as ragged as the Alps.

By means of electricity we may differentiate over a million different shades of color; you have a very good pair of eyes if you can detect more than ten thousand after many years of training. Electricity, of course, is the dynamo of the ingenious electric eye, the mechanical eye which never grows tired—a gadget which does so many thousands of little services, from filling soft-drink bottles exactly to the correct level, to identifying the amount of iron in spinach to the millionth part. We can easily prefix the word “electric” to several hundred items, such as clocks, lawn-mowers, washing-machines, vacuum-cleaners, razors, fans, toasters, stoves, etc. The list is impressive, and it should serve to make us all more appreciative of this mysterious fluid—ether, “streams of electrons” or what-have-you, called electricity.

We find electricity at work sinking enemy submarines, bringing our bombers and pilots back safely, making remarkable mutations in agriculture, disintegrating matter, curing serious diseases by means of inductothermy or artificial fever—even measuring iron-dust in interstellar space a hundred million miles away! Electricity carries the inimitable waltzes of Strauss to us, the news of the horrors and triumphs of war in a split second from Australia or North Africa or Washington, the voices of distant loved ones, etc.

When we contemplate the expansive developments of this enigma of science, we cannot help but respect its modesty. It has contributed more to mankind than any other entity of science, and yet it has remained elusive, beyond the reach of the combined genius of men for centuries. Verily, it holds an exclusive niche within the incomprehensible Powers of the Sustainer of the Universe. That man has been permitted to do so much with something about which he knows so little is to me a revelation of the Beneficence of God, and a unique illustration of our total dependence upon Him.

SHRUGGING OFF STRIKES

IN an address on July 24, which was broadcast to the armed forces abroad, Eric Johnston, President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, lauded the achievements of "the team of labor and management" in winning the battle of production. "The true spirit," he said, "and the real unity of American labor and management is symbolized by the roar of the 100,000 planes which will pour from assembly lines this year." He sounded a heartening note amidst the cacophony of industrial strife.

Long known as a proponent of labor-management cooperation, Mr. Johnston has frequently found himself somewhat in advance of, and out of step with, the great business organization he heads. For this reason he has come to be looked upon in certain circles as a progressive leader who may yet rescue American industry from the bogs of hide-bound conservatism—a clear-sighted man who recognized that the only alternative to increasing State control of both labor and industry is industrial self-government by labor and management working together.

It strikes us, therefore, as peculiarly unfortunate that a single passage slipped into Mr. Johnston's speech which may lead to serious misunderstanding, and hamstringing the work he is trying to do. Referring to wartime strikes, he said that "some very important people in the United States have shrugged off strikes as being inconsequential" because "strikes have affected only a very small part of one per cent of our population."

While the speaker mentioned no names, he obviously had in mind those labor leaders who have replied with cold statistics to demagogic charges that labor holds cheaply its solemn pledge not to strike during wartime. He seemed to be adverting also to the President himself, since in vetoing the Smith-Connally bill, Mr. Roosevelt wrote:

For the entire year of 1942 the time lost by strikes averaged only five one-hundredths of one per cent of the total man-hours worked.

It is inconceivable, in view of his record, that Mr. Johnston intended to tell our armed forces that their Commander-in-Chief and the leaders of organized labor make little of strikes which interrupt the flow of materials to the war fronts. Yet that is the obvious interpretation of the passage quoted above.

Surely, Mr. Johnston realizes that the President, along with Messrs. Murray and Green, respective heads of the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L., agree fully with him that "there can be no such thing as an inconsequential strike" during wartime. To combat the disruptive efforts of certain newspapers, radio commentators and business groups to smear organized labor, they have been forced, it is true, to cite facts which place strike-figures in proper perspective. But they have not condoned those strikes. They would agree with Mr. Johnston that strikes are a blot on the record of "the team of labor and management." But they don't want that blot to be the occasion of an ugly smear. And neither, we believe, does Mr. Johnston.

EDITORIAL

IDEOLOGICAL SABOTEURS

WHILE the President's sharp rebuke to the Office of War Information for its stupid "American public opinion" broadcast to Europe on July 26 may nullify dangerous repercussions, the incident should not thereby be considered closed. We are dealing here not with an ordinary blunder, such as might happen in any organization, but with an assumption of authority by minor Government employes which approaches, however unintentionally, the borderline of sabotage and treason.

The situation in Italy, following the downfall of Mussolini, is explosive in the extreme. A false move by the Allied Nations can easily lead to consequences disastrous to our side. It is a development that calls for supreme tact on the part of those responsible for the conduct of the war—the President and the British Prime Minister, together with their military and political advisers. Yet, with the situation so delicate, certain underlings in the OWI foreign broadcasting division actually attempted to determine, on their own responsibility, the foreign policy of the United States. They stigmatized the regime of Marshal Badoglio as "Fascist," and, hiding behind a certain political commentator, called Victor Emmanuel a "moronic little King."

The full import of this overweening assumption of authority became evident the next day when Mr. Churchill explained to Parliament how necessary it was that the United Nations find in Italy a Government capable of maintaining peace and order. Since the new regime in Italy may be such a Government, the subversive nature of the OWI broadcast is clear.

The President has stated that steps are being taken to reprimand the guilty. But the matter must not stop there. If persons more intent on following Communist policies than the directives of our State Department have wormed their way into the New York shortwave department of OWI, as seems possible, then these ideological saboteurs must be cleaned out immediately. We are engaged in a struggle in which a radio broadcast may be as crucial as a major battle. Our psychological and political warfare must assist our military operations, and that calls for a unified command under the President and the State Department. There is no room for ideological saboteurs in the OWI.

THE STRATEGY OF MERCY

ADMIRABLE blend of mercy and military shrewdness is the plan for disposal of Sicilian prisoners recently suggested in a letter to the *New York Times*. The correspondent recalls the solidly American precedent of the treatment General Grant gave to thousands of Confederate captives after the fall of Vicksburg.

Normal military procedure called for him to transport them to detention camps where they would languish in sullenness until the end of war and then return home rancorous and unforgiving. However, Grant, convinced that they were sated with fighting, decided to return the men in gray to usefulness and to conditions in which they might regain their self-respect. He sent them home on parole.

The plan had obvious advantages. Their pledged word removed the prisoners from the ranks of the Union's enemies; they were not an unproductive burden on the Government; they began at once the process of rehabilitating themselves and the soil from which the shrill trumpets had called them; and the treatment they received staggered Confederate morale and silenced Confederate propaganda. The letter in the *Times* proposes that we adopt a similar course in Sicily.

There we have taken thousands of prisoners whose homes are near their battlefields. Presumably they were never more than half-hearted allies of Hitler's; they have welcomed our troops and cheered at Mussolini's downfall. In a preliminary proclamation to Sicily, General Eisenhower is reported to have declared that his invading troops "are acting, not as enemies of the Italian people," but as liberators to free them from "the dominating force of Germany in Europe." Their goal, he said, is "to restore Italy as a free nation."

Certainly if we were to return these prisoners to their farms on parole, we would give them a first taste of that world order which we firmly purpose to establish; we would free our troops from the necessity of feeding, policing and attending to them, we would strike hard at the morale of the Italians on the mainland who would look enviously on the liberated Sicilians.

It is a sane and civilized suggestion. Peace, as Milton said, hath her victories no less renowned than war. Mercy has its own quiet might, and an object lesson in intelligent democracy might do more to conquer these people than any armament.

MUSSOLINI AND THE CHURCH

FIVE years from now, historians will be issuing volumes listing all the books, pamphlets and articles which will explain the fall of Mussolini. We shall learn how his political demise was expected; who it was that betrayed him among his closest friends, or who most effectively planned his destruction among his open enemies.

The first indications of waning popularity will be remembered, such as the popular resentment at the lavish sums spent by the Régime in order to entertain Hitler on his visit to Rome in 1938; or the gradual diminution of encores on the occasion of his periodical appearances on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia. Even back in 1939, it was reported, there were but three or four *pro forma* summonses; then the crowd began to dwindle away.

Less likely to be recalled will be the praises of Mussolini in his early days offered by leading statesmen and contemporary historians in Great Britain and the United States who have had no good word for him in later years.

When all is appraised and summed up, however, if it ever is, Mussolini's difficulties with the Church will, in all probability, be found to have contributed to his eventual downfall much more than at first sight would be expected. Or, to put this in another way, these difficulties were the sign of an inner weakness which was bound in time to gain the upper hand.

When Mussolini concluded the Lateran Treaty with the Holy See in 1929, it was the greatest moral triumph of his career. Whatever were his motives in that transaction, it placed him in a position that the greatest diplomats and statesmen of the world could envy. He had cut through a thousand doubts and perplexities; he had restored to the Italian people the noble task of being the earthly custodians, as it were, of the religious leadership of the world.

But the hour of his moral triumph was followed by the first indications of his future downfall. The bitter controversy concerning Catholic Action which developed from the interpretation of the treaty led to the *Non Abbiamo Bisogno* of Pope Pius XI and exposed the inmost spiritual contradictions of the Fascist system in its relation to education. Mussolini had shocked and grieved the Holy Father beyond measure by his cynical, anti-clerical harangue in the Fascist Parliament. This outburst was a passionate profession of faith in all that the traditional anti-Catholic or anti-religious elements in Italy had brewed through the years against the Church and against the Holy See; all that had vexed the Church and contributed toward its persecution.

Once more, on February 11, 1932, Mussolini's ceremonial visit to the Vatican seemed to be a harbinger of a brighter future. But the seed of estrangement had been too deeply planted not to keep on fructifying. Regardless of his personal beliefs or lack of beliefs, Mussolini had maintained a

certain link with the Church by his far-reaching plans for social reform, such as his ringing attack on "industrial urbanism" in his historic speech of May 26, 1927. But these were eventually subordinated to his still further-reaching schemes of world empire. It was only a matter of time when the door would be opened for the greatest of all estrangements, the admission of Hitler's militantly pagan ideology to an honored place in Fascist Italy. There was no longer a question of a squint: an eye to a brutal pragmatism, yet still with an eye to the practical importance of religion and of certain spiritual ideas and spiritually inspired social policies. The squint was succeeded by a glare, and that glare was fixed upon objects and aims prescribed by an alien and a master hand.

The Duce's increasing distance from the Church had the fatal effect of isolating him from his own people, who have remained fundamentally Catholic, as their unswerving devotion in wartime to the Holy Father has proved. At the same time, it built up a wall of spiritual isolation between Italy and the rest of the world.

Too much concerns us at present, however, to waste time solely in the analysis of the fall of Mussolini. The security of the future peace, not speculation on past failures, is the business on the agenda of today. Mussolini was responsible for an immense amount of the evil that has befallen the world. But the vacillating policies of the great post-war Powers, including our own, are responsible for much of the evil that developed in Mussolini. If the future peace is to be actuated by the same type of expediency and mere power politics, we shall expect inevitably to see other figures arise, with the sinister elements of the Duce, but without what may with every reservation be still called some of his redeeming features.

Mussolini's fate is a stern warning to all and sundry would-be candidates for the office of "saving" the world from chaos, by a strong personality or by the use of ingenious systems of authority and government and enforced order. The day for those would-be saviors has passed. They are and will remain meaningless and futile in a world which ignores the religious foundation of law and morality, which does not protect the rights of the weak against the strong, which ridicules democracy, which attempts to make the Church the servant of the State. But the emergence, like the downfall of Mussolini, is a warning to us that the conduct and organization of the future international order cannot be left to mere chance, as before. Such an order cannot be abandoned to the whims of political or economic adventurers. We have paid too costly a price for our blindness in refusing to grapple with the organization of a future peace. The Pope has erected signposts that Mussolini, and the world which helped to develop Mussolini, ignored. They point to the only path upon which we shall hope to meet no more of his kind.

The United Nations, weighing the possibilities of an occupied Italy, will find these signposts much closer, and of more practical importance, than they had previously anticipated.

THE ONE CREDITOR

ALWAYS, when the parable of the Unjust Steward is read, there is a certain surprise at its novelty. What has Heaven to do with the earthly transactions of business and ledgers?

But the parable of the Unjust Steward comes very close to each of us. The winning of Heaven is a business; the service of God is the main business of life. It is so much life's main business that if we fail in *that* enterprise, we are bankrupts without hope of rehabilitation.

Now Our Lord relates this parable in order to make us as wise in the supreme, the only real and ultimate business, as the "children of this world" are in the affairs they conduct in the stores and on the market. You cannot run a business unless you are wise. You must know your customers, and what they want. But you must also know your creditors, their ideas and their requirements. Otherwise your business is speedily on the rocks.

In the great business of serving God there is no worry about customers. Through the merits of the Redeemer the least of our good actions is given a value far beyond anything we ourselves deserve. But there is a serious worry about, not "the creditors," but the one supreme Creditor who is God and is also our Father and our Judge.

Of ourselves we are completely insolvent in the face of God. Furthermore, the day of accounting is approaching, and none of us has the least dim idea when the books will suddenly be opened and the record run off. This is a terrific situation: the finite, insolvent and helpless before the all-seeing eye of the Infinite. We cannot trifle with that situation, warns the Saviour, and so He gives a method or a technique how to deal with it.

God is my Creditor. But He is also bound to me. He has pledged me His mercy, if I will but fulfil certain requirements, and that pledge is written in the Blood of His Son. He has pledged me His mercy, if I will be merciful to my fellow man. He will write off my debt to Him, if I write off my brother's debt to me. That is Divine economics; that is the mysterious plan of God.

Our Lord explains this strategy in this parable. But He goes further. The finest brand of strategy makes the best out of the worst, wins riches from refuse or victory from defeat. Money, "mammon," the Devil's tool, the root of evil, the instrument of corruption, will be my instrument wherewith to show mercy and love to my neighbor. By making money or earthly goods an instrument of mercy in place of gain, I shall have won my battle with the Divine creditor; will have gloriously transacted the difficult business of life itself.

Don't be led astray, says Saint Paul in today's Epistle, by the notion that the flesh—pleasure, good times—is our creditor (Romans, viii, 12). "They," that is to say, the poor and the suffering whom you have helped, will be your advocates in the hour when you shall most need God's great mercy. God is the one great Creditor. If we are square with Him, all other accounts will be adjusted.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

WATERS OF BABYLON

ESTHER GARNER

I KNOW what it is to be out of my element. To one who has enjoyed to the full the hospitality of earth, it is a ghastly experience. I know why a flounder is called a flounder; and I have great respect for the originator of that expressive name. If I mistake not, Adam gave their names to all the creatures of earth and sky. The inhabitants of the waters must also have passed in procession inviting Adam to give them a name, for only a master mind like his could have called a flounder by that most suitable name. Yes, I have been learning to swim—an exotic and wholesome experience at the age of forty-seven.

I had been told that the art of aquatic automotion was easily acquired. "Just lie down on the water," my teacher said. "Just as if you were going to bed," she added, with wily insouciance. A lovely idea, I thought, it is simple; there is no reason why I couldn't repeat an act I had done regularly for almost half a century. I did not lie down immediately; the more I considered it, the more baffled I felt. How did one lie down? I looked at the problem from every angle. I must not get flustered, I thought.

"You must have confidence that the water will support you," my teacher said, with charming casualness; and without a perceptible effort, she reclined backward, her long limbs rose effortlessly to the surface, and I saw that she was lying on the water. "How beautiful," I thought. "Surely I can do a thing so simple." I lowered my head and shoulders. But my feet did not rise to the surface; I seemed planted; I began to think I was never going to walk again.

"If you are perfectly relaxed," my teacher said, allowing her head and shoulders to recline slowly, while, without movement, her body rose to the surface, "you can do anything in the water." I gazed at her enviously. She is like a flower, I thought. I will think of a water lily, I said to myself; that will help me to relax. I leaned back slowly and, remembering that my feet should rise, I gave a leap. Water surged in my ears, as I tried frantically to regain my position. I waved wildly, grasping for something to hold to; water poured over me. I am drowning, I thought. My teacher righted me. "Try it again," she said, "it is so simple." "It is very simple to sink," I said. "Why do so many people drown if it is simple?" "They get tense," she said, sitting down on the water, making beautiful little movements with her hands. "I think I can do that,"

I said, deceived again, and I tried to sit down. "It will come later," she remarked carelessly, as if my ineptitude were a matter of no moment.

"Lie down," she said, "and I will hold you." Meekly, I let her support my unmanageable anatomy, with her leg I think it was, until I was actually supine on the surface of the water. "Drop your head on the pillow," she said, "and look at the ceiling." Involuntarily, I took the right position; a happy accident it was. My head was perfectly flat on the water, and for the first time I did not mind its gurgling in my ears. My teacher's hold lightened. I am lying on the water, I told myself. I am in my Father's arms, and I am not afraid. It is just as well, I thought, not to try to move; it is enough to be able to lie on the water; I don't have to get anywhere. Ecstatic moments passed. If I could have heard my teacher, I would have asked how I was going to get into another position. But, like Sir Bedivere, I heard only the water lapping. Best to stay where I am, I thought. I could not bear to think of the hideous effort I would have to make to get on my feet again. My teacher bent my knees gently, and held me until my feet touched bottom. "I can lie," I said with an intensity of satisfaction some would think unwarranted.

The next time she decided that I should start immediately to float. All I had to do was to lie down on the water and move my arms rhythmically, like a paddle wheel. "Lie down," she said, suiting her action to the word. "Just relax; you are going to bed." She lay on the water, apparently sleeping. I stood immovable; in fact, irremovable. How on earth, I argued, can anyone deliberately disturb his own balance in such a treacherous element as water. "If you think of dancing," my teacher began nonchalantly. "Try lifting one leg," she said. I was persuaded. (There is something almost pathetic about my easy optimism.) Actually, I said to myself, I think that will do it. I love dancing. I tried to hum a snatch of a waltz. I tried to sing the *Boat Song* from *Tales from Hoffman*. There was no music in my soul. "Look," said my teacher, reclining gracefully, at the same time lifting one leg slowly. Her beautiful body lay on the water. Like the Lady of Shalott, I thought. No, the Lady of Shalott had a boat, I remember.

"All you need do is relax," she said, gently, turning imperceptibly and swimming away from me with a few powerful strokes. "Return, return, O Sulamites," my heart cried. She was near me again. "Why do so many good swimmers drown?" I asked defensively. "They get foolhardy," she said, succinctly. I looked at her. Ordinarily, she is not a person who makes use of the weapon of irony. *Foolhardy*, I considered; nothing more foolhardy than to relinquish one's foothold. "How can anyone relax if they have lost their foothold," I asked quar-

relously. "You don't need a foothold in the water," she said, lightheartedly, taking a sitting position and twirling like a pinwheel. I thought of the mermaids who sit in the depths of the waters combing their children's hair. She won't comb my hair, I said to myself. I'd be afraid to swallow much of this water. How do I know that the violet-ray mechanism really works effectively? The Lady of Shalott approached.

"All you need do is relax," she said compassionately. I was moved to cooperate; I lifted one leg meditatively, imitated her movement of the head and shoulders and gave a powerful kick with the other leg. Just as I thought, I had lost my foothold. I seemed to be standing on my head, yet with nothing to stand on. I waved frantically, arms and legs, of which I seemed to have several sets. (I shall always be grateful to her that she made no allusion to a centipede.) The best swimmers have drowned, I thought. My teacher finally succeeded in righting me. "You don't have to kick," she said. "Look." She lay down very slowly. I will do that just for her, I thought; she is fundamentally kind-hearted; I will waltz with her. I thought of *The Blue Danube*, lifted one leg, dropped backwards recklessly, and miracle of miracles, I lay on the water. Exhausted. I will not try to move, I reflected; I don't need to get anywhere, and the circumstances are inconceivable in which I would require speed in swimming. I recalled what Gerard Manley Hopkins wrote about water. "Water is spousal love." I lay serene.

"Now," said my teacher, "we will try the dead man's float." "I am happy," I said. "Yes," she remarked pleasantly, "but you wouldn't want to float on your back forever." "I will see if I can get anywhere," I called, and I began what I thought was a good imitation of her own movement. Just as I expected: I was not traveling through the water; I had only disturbed my equilibrium by my efforts. After a desperate few moments, I stood sulkily looking at the water. "It needs only a very gentle movement," my teacher said, floating away, with a fawn-like quiet. I felt abashed. Normally I am a languid person; yet all my movements in the water were characterized by vehemence and precipitancy. I wonder, I said to myself, if this is a wholesome pastime. In most of our undertakings, one accomplishes things by determination and an energetic attack upon one's problems. In the water, it seems, everything is accomplished by a passive yielding to circumstances. It was unfortunate that my characteristic lack of energetic movement should forsake me in the only circumstances in which it was an asset. Water is like grace, I thought.

"Now," said my teacher, "the dead man's float will be easy." Supported by my philosophy, I stretched out my arms in front of me, lifted my back and legs—and fell interminably through the water. There was no bottom, it seemed. I kicked frantically, I waved desperately. Mysterious, that it had been so difficult to lift one's feet from the bottom and now it was more difficult to get them down again. It was minutes before my teacher was holding me upright. "You will do it next time," she said casually, as if I had not had a terrible experience.

"Just be sure that your legs are stretched out. I did not tell you to act like an ostrich." "I had no thought of an ostrich," I said acidly. "I have never seen an ostrich." "You have probably seen a picture of an ostrich," she went on, too blithely, I thought, "with his head buried in the sand, his legs firmly planted, and his back ostrich plume waving."

I lay on my back to relieve my feelings. "Think of a water lily," she said, cheerfully, "a shell-pink one. All you need do is relax." "Relax," I said bitterly. "How can anyone relax and stretch out at the same time? Isn't there an etymological relationship between stretching and tenseness?" "No," she said, dipping her face and letting her body rise slowly to the surface. "Look," I said. I dipped my face as I stretched out my arms in front of me. Nothing happened. My feet seemed cemented to the tiles. "You are afraid of the water," she said, sitting down on it, mind you, as if she would draw me to her knees like a mother instructing her child. I thought of Saint Anne and the Blessed Virgin.

"All you need do is relax," she said. I relaxed—and just as I expected—I was crumpled up in the water, miles away from any human being, drowning all alone, depths of water surging over my head, no foothold anywhere on the earth; no foothold nowhere as Chaucer would have said, with more poignant denial. And the earth had been so lovely and hospitable. Water, water, everywhere. My teacher rescued me. "Next time," she said, nonchalantly, "just relax." I stood, a tree planted near the running waters, somewhat dejected. Beautiful things have been written of water, I reflected, murmuring Browning's line:

Where the water was wont to go warbling so softly
and well,

and Sir Bedivere's description in Malory: "I heard the waters wappe and the waves wanne." I would do better, perhaps, under the open sky, under the friendly stars, when the morning stars sang together, or in the moon's silver path. I don't know why I thought of Ophelia lying on the water amid flowers, rosemary and rue (whatever that is) and the vivid green of a willow waving above her. A willow would help, too.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept
When we remembered Sion.
On the willows in the midst thereof
We hung up our harps.
How can we sing the song of Sion
In a strange land.

That was it. I was in a strange land. How could I expect to dance. I had left my native element. O willow, willow, willow. Poor Desdemona. Ophelia, poor girl, had drowned. And Desdemona was singing her swan song. My teacher floated towards me. I thought of the swans on the Thames, near Iffley. (She wore a white swimming suit.) How beautiful they were, snowy white, moving without motion, majestic. "Tomorrow," remarked the Swan in a businesslike way, "you can do the dead man's float." She sailed away, returning quickly, utterly serene and debonair. "Yes," I said, "I know I can do it tomorrow."

PEACE-PLAN SHELF

TOWARDS AN ABIDING PEACE. By R. M. MacIver. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

OUTLINES of the shape that the coming peace should take have been drawn up by experienced statesmen, by journalists, by one contract-bridge expert and by students of history and the social sciences. Professor MacIver belongs to the last-named class. His work on *The Modern State* was a valuable contribution to political science, while his several other important books have been in the field of sociology proper. This present volume is a venture in the field of public policy.

Let us see what is distinctive about his approach to the problem of the coming peace. As a sociologist, Dr. MacIver is fond of seeking explanations of social behavior in terms of the *attitudes* and *interests* people have acquired through social interaction. He works on the problems of the coming peace with the concepts of a social psychologist.

To him, Hitler is the inspired agent of German resentment, German sense of frustration, and German nationalistic ambition wounded by the crushing blows of the Versailles settlement and the humiliations Germany experienced in the years following. The main-spring of German aggression, he thinks, lay in these attitudes.

If we are to frame a peace which will last, we must avoid the steps that will engender these attitudes in the conquered peoples. That is MacIver's starting point. He is not much interested in whether Germans were justified in reacting as they did to their defeat and its consequences. Defeated peoples will always harbor such feelings, unless in the peacemaking they are re-installed in a position of equality with other peoples. Insofar as MacIver's analysis of national psychology accurately pictures the way human nature responds to defeat and humiliation, it is valid and must be taken into account when we try to put the world on its feet. This reviewer feels that he is rather too lenient with aggressor nations. But it is possible that leniency alone will lead to the results we all want.

One other proposition advanced in this slender volume deserves a word of comment. MacIver maintains that disarmament must be *total*. He argues that standing national armies ready to wage war at the decision of each nation are as inconsistent with the rule of international law as private armies within one nation are with the rule of national law. There is not even a pretense of a world community ordered by law if individual nations are accorded the right to organize extra-legal military force and apply it wherever they find it to their advantage.

This contention seems to rest on solid ground. What conclusion may we draw from it? Only that the ideal towards which we must strive is the establishment of a world community that is not merely a social fact but a juridical reality. We must work towards the goal of a world so well organized politically that individual nations will enjoy security without having to keep up armies of their own to safeguard that security.

No realistic view of the world we live in allows us to imagine that we have yet reached that stage of social evolution. Too many of our *interests* (to use a favorite concept of MacIver's) are still localized within individual nations to permit us to think of ourselves as citizens of a world state. And yet until every man and woman in every nation everywhere can think of himself or herself as a citizen of the one-world political community, we cannot expect the inhabitants of this planet to show the loyalty to a world state which they must show to make it the citadel of justice and of

security. It is only because every person in Wyoming is a citizen of the United States of America that he has enough confidence in our national Government to transfer to it Wyoming's right to wage war. It is only because we are so well organized politically that Wyoming has no need to wage war, that its citizens are willing to relinquish the right.

However much the world has become one world, it has not yet become one world to the same degree that the people of all our forty-eight States have become one nation. The peoples of the world are progressing in the direction of social unity, but it will be many generations before they will be ready for the type of political unity in which they can dispense with national armaments. Our present problem is to institutionalize politically the world unity that exists, and then by the functioning of world political institutions to accelerate the pace and intensify the effects of unifying influences all over the globe.

If the sun will rise as slowly as we think upon the unfolding of a world ready for genuine political organization, then the agencies Professor MacIver charts in this book are further ahead of the story of mankind than he intimates.

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

PHILADELPHIA STORY

CENTENNIAL SUMMER. By Albert E. Idell. Henry Holt and Co. \$2.75

FOR any reader now over fifty years of age, *Centennial Summer* will doubtless ring a sufficiently familiar note, for he will have heard his grandparents tell about much that this colorful story relates and, in the telling, perhaps talk quite as its characters talk. But younger readers, too, will like *Centennial Summer*, by contrast with their own ways of living.

The story is of what happened in the amazing Rogers family, in Philadelphia, from November, 1875, through September, 1876—especially in the summer of 1876, when the great (?) exposition was held to commemorate one hundred years of our nationhood. The novel is thus a period piece, of excellent authentic background, in which the movers are meant to be typical of the grand-average Americans of their day. And presumably we present-day Americans—grand-average ones of *our* day—are to sit back and view the whole picture with sentiments of satisfaction that, however accidentally we may differ from our forebears of 1876, we are essentially quite the same as they were in our Americanism: and so may we always be! (The jacket bids us look on p. 305 for the high-point of all this.)

Unconcerned with complication of plot, the narrative-description is splashed with direct-method characterization, which often runs to a near-burlesque of real persons. Three characters dominate the tale, and make a great bid to dominate one another. (In fact, domination by character seems to dominate the book.) These are Jesse Rogers, born Quaker, but amicably renegade to the sect; Augustina, daughter of an impecunious Italian Count; and Aunt Zena, Augustina's widowed sister. There are also the four Rogers children; Philippe Lascalle, dashing Frenchman for whose "capture" the two elder daughters battle; Father Duffy, well liked by all, but whose priestly influence is a minor matter; and others to fill the stage.

Centennial Summer, August selection of the Literary Guild, is good entertainment. The author has enjoyed it too, for he is at work on a sequel which will take the Rogers family through the Great Blizzard of '88.

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TWENTY CENTURIES PANORAMA

OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH BY CENTURIES. By Joseph McSorley. B. Herder Book Co. \$7.50

MANY a man or woman longs for a volume that will tell the history of the Church in simple, straightforward fashion, and thus be a sound guide for study and discussion, or the higher interest of seeing the Church as She stands before the world. Such a book Father McSorley now gives us. This modest scholar, who as a member of the Paulist Fathers knows from long experience what people want to learn about the Church, has done a work for which he will be thanked for years. His touch is sure, his manner direct, frank, reliable and, to a high degree, consonant with the latest studies in historical fields.

The book is laid out on the pattern of the centuries, each century receiving its treatment according to the basic scheme. A political background is followed by four sections on Catholic life: the Papacy, Catholic life in doctrine, discipline and practice, Opposition, and Missions. A Summary and a Time Chart are appended to each chapter. Thirty-seven maps illustrate important topics with clarity. Forty pages of bibliography, a list of the Popes and of the Ecumenical Councils, and an index of forty-seven pages complete the 1,084 pages of the volume.

Written in and for the United States, the book devotes much space to developments in our country. But a notable departure from the usual run of such works is the large attention shown to Latin America. In this field, too, one can most easily see what long study lies behind the writing of the book. For the pages are illuminated with footnotes that show an ample and up-to-date reading of the best scholarship of our day. In fact, throughout the volume, it will be the footnotes that will delight those whose acquaintance with history is above average. The amount and range of citation are calculated to satisfy the curiosity and direct the inquiry of all but top-flight specialists.

Some small mistakes can be found in the spelling of names—for example, of Father Zepherin Engelhardt, O.F.M.—and in dates, but they are few and generally unimportant. And the author asks his readers to assist him by reporting errors back to him. He will not be much troubled by such reports, for he has given great pains to making this work altogether satisfactory. It is just what he calls it, and it will serve its purpose well.

W. EUGENE SHIELDS

MARK TWAIN: MAN AND LEGEND. By DeLancey Ferguson. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3

THIS biography succeeds admirably in its purpose as announced in the preface: "to trace in detail Twain's career as a writing man, passing over lightly, or ignoring his multifarious non-literary doings—to examine the forces which made him a writer, to tell how he wrote his books and why."

Other biographers have written much of the plot of *Tom Sawyer*, but Professor Ferguson shrewdly points out that the sole thing approaching a conventional plot was furnished by Injun Joe, and even the Injun Joe episodes were separated by long sections which had no connection with them: "*Tom Sawyer*, in short, grew as grows the grass; it was not art, but it was life." The author refuses to accept the Van Wyck Brooks theory that Mrs. Clemens and William Dean Howells repressed Mark's language. He pertinently states:

If a few changes in diction could make or ruin a book, it was no good to start with! In judging a writer's freedom of expression, the only fair comparison is with his contemporaries; hence it is with Howells himself, and with Anthony Trollope, not with Dos Passos and Hemingway, that Mark Twain must be compared.

The author shrewdly points out that:

In a sense Mark never ceased to be a journalist, as anyone will realize who goes through his collected works and notes how many pages, even in the

Autobiography, are essentially reporting, satirizing, or fulminating against experiences of his own or events in the current news . . . the instinctive expression of a man who had learned at the editorial desk.

Another thing the author insists upon is Mark's careful craftsmanship. His keen ear for dialect and scrupulous accuracy in transcribing Negro speech is well shown in what he wrote Howells: "I amend dialect stuff by talking and talking and talking it till it sounds right."

The author knows how to temper his praise with such human touches as: "Mark never learned the technique of Victorian parlor manners. Long after his death old ladies in Hartford still remembered resentfully how he put his feet on their sofas or draped his legs over their chair-arms as he talked."

"A sensational report in a baser American newspaper that Mark Twain was dying in poverty," is correctly given as the cause of Mark's celebrated saying about his death being exaggerated. But isn't "baser" a rather harsh term for the old New York *Journal*? Incidentally, the cousin James Ross Clemens, whose illness caused the confusion, was the present reviewer's father. When even the latter recovered, Mark commented: "But my cousin escaped death—by some chicanery of the tribe of Clemens!"

CYRIL CLEMENS

LETTERS TO MR. ISAACS. By David Goldstein. Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn. \$2

MR. GOLDSTEIN again appeals to the modern Jew to consider the Catholic Church as his natural home. Devoting each "letter" to some point of weakness in the modern stand of Judaism (whether liberal or orthodox), or to some Jewish objection to Catholic doctrine, he presents gently but forcefully the attraction that Catholic doctrine should have for the sincere Jew.

He insists on the Jewish loss of hope in a personal Messiah, the loss of priesthood, temple and sacrifice, and shows that all these can be found in the Church. Then he presents the principal Catholic doctrines (on the Church, the Trinity, the Sacraments, Christology, Original Sin and Grace) in a way that should appeal to Jews. He answers difficulties from history (e.g. the Inquisition) where they touch the Jews, as well as from modern attitudes (e.g. indifferentism) as he goes along.

All in all, the book is the mature fruit of many a discussion with Jews, and is a model to Catholics of the popular apologetic approach to the Jew. The text might have been more carefully proof-read.

JAMES E. COLERAN

DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. \$2.75

IT is remarkable what a novelist can do with a couple of facts, real or assumed, which in the present case were these: that wicked man, Adolph Hitler, did not consider it beneath his dignity to employ the services of a soothsayer; somewhere along the triumphant march, the clairvoyant disappeared from sight and has not been heard from since. From this skimpy material the author has fabricated a long and lurid tale featuring the vanished visionary.

In May of 1931, Oscar Lautensack, a handsome and conceited telepathist, was supremely ill at ease and painfully insolvent. For seven years luck had been running against him. Waning prestige, however, merely whetted his lust for popular acclaim. "He had conquered Munich and lost it again and now that he was stranded there once more, he swore he would not rest until he had conquered Berlin and the Reich."

Oscar's murky meditations were disturbed by the arrival of his brother Hans from Berlin. The ugly "little shrimp," with a murder on his record, had become a Nazi hero and was to be introduced to the Führer. Manfred Proell, Chief of Staff, reserved the honor of presentation for himself. At Hans' request he also introduced Oscar. After the momentous meeting, Hans confided to his brother: "The Leader is susceptible of the mystical,

"A heady drink from old honey"

The name of Colmcille, like those of Patrick and Charlemagne, King Arthur and Robert Bruce, has been a beehive to which the pollen of legend and history has been brought in unending eagerness. Robert Farren has taken the honey and made mead.

Like mead, his long poem is a heady drink, one to be quaffed through a long meal or, better, through a series of banquets: it has the true flavor of the Gaelic age. For the story is almost a series of bardic tales, each of the twenty episodes complete in itself, the whole forming a pattern as intricate and as exciting as the letters of Lindisfarne. . . .

The wholeness of a man is here, desiring God, exulting in ordination, building with his hands and his tongue, loving stone and earth, the sea and strong horses, the poor of substance and the poor of soul. He is a recognizable figure, too, fashioning the gospel for his people, putting a spell on a knife, victim of an uncontrollable temper which leads to battle and to exile, poet, and defender of poets.

The rhythmic tone is varied throughout, as though each bard sang with a different voice. . . . It is fanciful when he talks with the fairy prince MacFiachna, another Ariel who "tempted a king ten miles with a stag's branched horns" and "plaited webs from bough to bough among spiders"; it is delightfully humorous in "The whims of the wives of the bards"; it is hymnal in the dialogue, "The Angels question the monks of Derry," who . . . yearn for God "as spawning salmon for the sea"; it is gloriously apologetic in its magnificat of the poets who preserve "words that have crept down time on the rungs of country cailleach's tongues," that have made clans great and kings afraid, that have rhymed souls out of hell. . . .

The humor and the fantasy, the strong emotions and the tender, the desire and the achievement, are all native. So is the language; sometimes biblical; sometimes clearly Gaelic—as in the observation of the baker from Iona, "earth from God; grain from earth; flour from grain; bread from flour; Christ from bread."

Most striking is the use of alliteration and assonance, where the sound is truly married to the sense; his words are bright bubbles in the wine-cup of his song. A few examples must illustrate the tonal timber of the epic: Colmcille reflecting on his ordination, "Out of this unction flashes the flesh of Jesus"; ire against unjust ranns, "the sour spittle of slander"; the light laughter of the "humbled and meek, as young pups from a drubbing"; the vivid nature flash of "thunder, the drunken drummer."

—From the review by James E. Tobin in *SPIRIT*, of *THIS MAN WAS IRELAND*, by Robert Farren. . . . Price \$3.00

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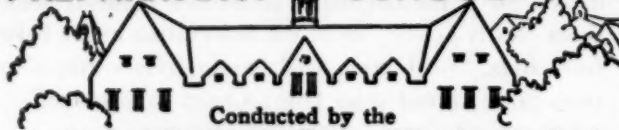
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In Berlin, success outran their expectations. Sponsored by Hildegard, the Baroness von Trettnow, Oscar dazzled select audiences with amazing mind-readings. Fat fees for private consultations stuffed his lately empty pockets. To Hitler he revealed a defeat at the polls. It was bad news, but impressive prediction. At a subsequent seance he foretold a sweeping victory, and became the Führer's private prophet.

According to plan, Oscar had conquered Berlin, but not Manfred Proell. The Chief of Staff bided his time for weeding out this arrogant intruder between himself and Hitler. Oscar's stupid hint that "heads would soon begin to roll" made front-page news. When Proell called attention to this betrayal of personal confidence, the Führer became infuriated. Oscar's magnificent head was the first to roll. Nobody who reads the story will lament the doom of its insufferably vain, insolent, grasping and carnal hero.

MICHAEL J. HARDING

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING CONTRACTS. The Bureau of National Affairs, Inc. \$3

IN the Foreword to this book, William H. Davis, Head of the War Labor Board, writes that "perhaps the most immediate task that lies before us is to accelerate education in the practices and processes of collective bargaining between management and workers."

Such a statement may at first sight seem grossly exaggerated. There are so many "immediate" tasks before the nation today that education in the process of collective bargaining would appear to be slightly on the academic side, a worthy objective, to be sure, but one that we can defer to the quiet times of peace. But, in sober truth, Mr. Davis is right, because the speed with which labor and management learn the process of collective bargaining, and practise it, can easily determine whether this is going to be a relatively short war or a very long one. Good relations in the factory mean a high rate of war production; and good relations depend largely on success in collective bargaining.

This success, or the failure thereof, may determine, too, whether the industrial order of the future will be directed by an army of bureaucrats at Washington, or by the free enterprise of labor and management working, under the watchful eye of Government, as a co-ordinated team. This is something for intransigents on both sides to remember.

To this good cause, *Collective Bargaining Contracts* is a valuable contribution. Here students of industrial relations, labor leaders and management officials can find expert discussion of the delicate task of conducting negotiations between workers and employers. Among the distinguished writers who contribute are Edwin C. Robbins, Harold J. Ruttenberg, Sumner H. Slichter and John R. Steelman; and the level of excellence is so high that it would be invidious to single out any one of them for special praise. Obviously, they have sat around many a conference board, and know whereof they speak.

What gives this volume special merit, however, is the well-chosen and comprehensive collection of contractual clauses arranged, for easy reference, under topical heads; as well as the thirteen complete bargaining contracts incorporated in the text. A negotiator can find here the wording, tested by experience, to cover almost any imaginable problem.

In publishing this book, the editors of the Bureau of National Affairs have performed a civic service. It is a practical, almost an indispensable, volume, the value of which will grow as American industry moves toward wider democratic horizons by means of collective bargaining.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

ROBERT E. HOLLAND is Director of the Fordham University Press.

JAMES E. COLERAN is professor of Sacred Scripture at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

MICHAEL J. HARDING is a professor of philosophy at Boston College.

MUSIC

BOOKS ON MUSIC. The thirty-five-page introduction written for *Dictators of the Baton* (Alliance Book Corporation, \$3.50), by David Ewen, is the most interesting and meaty part of this book. It is followed by thirty biographical stories about our present-day conductors. Mr. Ewen favors Toscanini with a brilliant appraisal, but devotes more space to the showmanship of Stokowski. He tells of his disappointment in the conducting of Iturbi, and how Barbirolli and Ormandy came out of obscurity to receive applause and recognition. As the book progresses, it becomes less interesting. Much of the material, even though it is smartly put together, is not new, and the second half seems hurried.

Something should be done about the valuable comment made by John Erskine in his book, *The Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York: Its First Hundred Years* (The Macmillan Co. \$2.50). He says:

We do not realize fully the implications and possibilities of the broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Music education comes on fast in our schools and colleges. Our New York newspapers publish the radio programs in advance. How far the programs have been planned for the audience in mind is difficult to say. Few conductors or touring artists have the forethought to put music on their programs that students are studying in the schools. Yet to get this on the program and to get news of it in advance would greatly add to the artist's audience. The parents are also eager to hear, under the best auspices, what they have learned to admire. People everywhere should know in advance about these programs so that they would have a chance to study them.

Since this book was published, an entire new régime, headed by Rodzinski, has replaced Barbirolli, the Philharmonic's former leader, who has returned to England to conduct. This more or less outdates some of the first sixty pages, which are a telling account of the orchestra's history. The programs of the subscription concerts for the past twenty-five years are appended in the final 108 pages, and entirely too much space seems to have been allotted to this listing.

A third book having to do with the orchestra, and an unusual compilation, is Sigmund Spaeth's *A Guide to Great Orchestral Music* (Random House, \$1.45). It is written in Mr. Spaeth's inimitable "nut-shell style" and should be in every library, musical and otherwise. This book contains the information that radio commentators, music students and teachers, composers, writers and lovers of music many times want, and cannot find; a compact analysis of symphonies and their respective musical themes by our best composers, biographical sketches of their lives and interesting information on the "lesser lights" in the world of musical composition.

Had Tchaikovsky lived in America in 1942 he would have heard his beautiful melodies made into jazz settings by dance-band leaders, and his soul would have been far more troubled than it appears to be in Clare Lee Purdy's *Stormy Victory* (Julian Messner, \$2.50), a new story of the composer's life. This is a timely work for young and old. The first section explains the composer's childhood, while the middle part elaborates on his struggles. The final section, which is adult in its treatment, gives an analysis of his symphonic works, and speaks of Tchaikovsky's good fortune in the patronage of Madame von Meck.

The mood of each chapter is quaintly set by using a fragment of a folksong. For these, credit is due the Kurt Schindler collection. There are many printed examples of his music, and excellent illustrations in the woodcut style, by Vera Bock.

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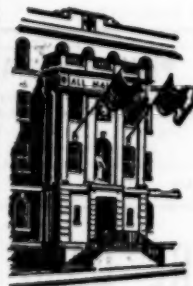
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BIG SCENES IN OUR PLAYS. No review of the stage season can be made without the sudden memory of certain scenes in certain plays. These are not always the best scenes in the plays, nor are they always scenes in our best plays. They owe their vitality to the inspired work of individual players. I mentioned most of these when the plays were first reviewed, but it may be interesting to touch on other scenes less immediately impressive perhaps, but which cling to the memory.

Of these, the first was the tralling exit of the soldiers in *The Eve of Saint Mark*, as they went to their deaths. There was nothing heroic in the manner of these men. They were not normal soldiers going out willingly to a skirmish with the enemy. They were utterly exhausted men who had used the last of their strength in hopeless fighting, and who now had to call on a reserve of the spirit that transcended physical weakness. There was nothing spectacular in their slow progress out to death, but every man in the hopeless line gave the effect that it was spirit alone which sustained him.

Another even more subtle scene was in *Mr. Sycamore*. In the last moments of that play, Lillian Gish, as Mrs. Sycamore, visited her husband, transformed into a tree, and received a waving welcome from the big tree's branches. That was probably the most difficult scene in a very difficult play. But Miss Gish put it over by sheer genius, as the breathless interest of the audience proved. To me her achievement was not only the biggest moment of the play but one of the biggest of the season.

Another scene that lingers with me, though its setting was an unsuccessful play, is the confession scene in *Flare Path*, in which the aviator confesses his inner cowardice to his young wife. Alec Guinness, an English newcomer among us, played the whole role so convincingly that I often wonder why we ever let him get away from America. He was superb in this scene in which he re-won a wavering wife.

The Doughgirls has never struck me as much of a play, though I enjoyed the work of one brilliant young player, Arlene Frances, who gives us pure comedy in all her scenes. Occasionally she is carried away by it herself, as in the scene in which she fires out the window from sheer love of her rifle.

Not all the scenes we shall remember are dramatic. There is an unforgettable comedy bit in *Something for the Boys* which few who have followed it are apt to forget. This is the Indian duet ("with gestures") between Ethel Merman and Paula Lawrence, as they sing the great hit of the production, *By the Mississinewa*. Some evening it might pay the producers to give the audience as many encores of this song as it calls for. It would be interesting to see just how many they get. The song stops the show every night, and the latter is allowed to go on only because it resumes against the endless encores. That duet and the accompanying acting give us one of the best ten-minute intervals in any New York theatre.

To me the big scene in *The Patriots* does not include Alexander Hamilton, but was the moving scene played so beautifully by Thomas Jefferson and his daughter. But Raymond Edward Johnson as Jefferson was so satisfying in all his scenes that it is hard to select any bit which shows him at his best.

The unforgettable scene in *Men in Shadow*, a play which did not linger with us long, was that in which Michelette Burani, as a simple farmer's wife, set the broken leg of a wounded hero, without an anesthetic. The fracture was complicated and the scene was not short, but it was perfectly played by the actress. Incidentally, her face was drenched in perspiration from the strain as she went on. I wonder how she managed that!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL. Here is one war film that is beautifully tailored to satisfy all tastes. Sketched against the sombre, pathetic backdrop of those last days on Bataan, this is the story of a small band of Army nurses and their heroic bravery when the odds were completely against them. Based on some factual events, a convincing and moving document pays tribute to these as yet unsung heroines. Through well-conceived flashbacks the picture reveals how these oddly assorted characters were on their way to routine duties via the Pacific when Pearl Harbor was struck. Rerouted to the Philippines, they became a part of the troops who helped delay the inevitable Jap occupation. Romance and comedy are expertly blended with the seriousness of war. Claudette Colbert, as the understanding superior, falls in love, much against her will, with George Peeves. Paulette Goddard is the fickle heartbreaker whose flirtations end when she meets an awkward soldier from Kansas, delightfully portrayed by Sonny Tufts. Veronica Lake is least convincing as the nurse whose dreams of happiness died at Pearl Harbor. A long cast all share in the glories of this memorable production. Mark Sandrich's direction is animated and forceful, never sacrificing either the personal stories or the powerful war drama in the production of this adult entertainment. (Paramount)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER. That super-craftsman, Walt Disney, has turned his facile hand toward the war effort in this newest creation. The result is unadulterated propaganda in which he visualizes Major Alexander de Seversky's theories on air power. Combining the accepted motion-picture form with animated cartoons, the history of the airplane is traced from the earliest flights of the Wright brothers, through the air power of the first world war, down to the B 19s of the present day. Sequences in the latter half of the picture expound Seversky's defense of the importance of air power in any strategy necessary to win the war. His comments aided by charts and maps are thought-provoking and enlightening. Humor has not been neglected by the cartoonist and proves a contrast to Disney's imaginative reconstruction of such realities as the evacuation at Dunkirk and such possibilities as the destruction of Germany and Japan by long-range bombers. This will interest all the family. (Disney-United Artists)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT. This piece of sheer fantasy offers welcome escape from the epidemic of war films. The hero is a self-confessed Casanova of the gay nineties who applies, on his deathbed, for a passport to Hell since he considers his past a bit shady. But a review of the old man's transgressions proves that they were mere peccadilloes and so he is recommended to try Heaven. Don Ameche is pleasant as the philanderer, with Gene Tierney amazingly satisfying as his long-suffering wife. Charles Coburn is outstanding in many of the really hilarious scenes. Ernst Lubitsch has endowed the picture with his slyest comedy and sophistication. Adults will delight in this impish comedy. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

APPOINTMENT IN BERLIN. Espionage has a field day as the affairs of a supposedly discredited British wing commander are unfolded. George Sanders plays the part of the flyer who aids the intelligence department when the Nazis believe he has been cashiered out of the service. As a "Lord Haw Haw" he sends vital information over the radio until his identity is discovered; then in a final patriotic endeavor he renders his last important service to his country. Marguerite Chapman adds romantic interest. Adults may find it passably diverting. (Columbia)

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PRESIDENT, POPE, PRESS

EDITOR: I am amazed and disappointed that President Roosevelt's note to His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, has received little, if any, commendation from the press or its readers. The note reveals true kindness and yet is firm in its condemnation of Fascism, and of Nazi methods. One is disappointed by the apathy of Catholics.

New York, N. Y.

ALICE E. WARREN

SPIRIT OF CHRIST IN DETROIT

EDITOR: In the midst of all the distress about the recent race riots, let us not forget the holy men and women in our city who are praying, working, instructing, teaching—all in the interests of peace between the races.

First in the line is Sacred Heart Parish, at Rivard and Elliott Streets, with the Rev. Henry P. Thieffels, C.Ss.Sp. and his three Assistants. At Beaubien and Elliott Streets, Miss Theresa Mathurin stands guard, with the Saint Peter Claver Community, supported by the League of Catholic Women, housing a day nursery for colored babies and other work for children and their parents. At the helm of the boat are our own Archbishop Mooney, one of the great missionaries of the Church, and his Auxiliary Bishop, praying and working.

Detroit, Mich.

(MRS.) BENNIE BENJAMIN

CATHER v. SISTER CARRIE

EDITOR: In his essay, *Two Party Lines* (AMERICA, July 7), Mr. Kevin Sullivan has the courage to say, or at least to imply, that no one seems to know what is meant by a "Catholic novel." In theory, we teach our students that any novel written by a Jew, Christian, atheist (?) or a Catholic, may be regarded as a "Catholic novel" if the author so works as to show the relation between the esthetic art and moral principles. Are we right?

Mr. Sullivan speaks of some "superior novelists," and mentions Miss Cather among them; but, he continues, "they have largely ignored the problems and significance of our own times." This left-handed compliment somewhat invalidates the verdict of older men; but the point I want to make is this: Miss Cather has taken the contemporary scene, and she has (probably unconsciously) helped to correct three adverse tendencies in the modern novel: the preoccupation with externals, away from life; loss of the supernatural conception of the human person; the absence of the family or community spirit—all of which are the product of a naturalistic, materialistic, mechanistic philosophy. Any writer who helps to restore the Christian spirit, whether he takes the past or the present for his background, is doing a commendable thing. All great literature is independent of time and place. Human nature does not change.

I should like to invite Mr. Sullivan to help me out. Can he tell us why nearly all of our *Sister Carrie* type of novelists were born in the Catholic Faith and either apostatized or temporarily abandoned the practice of their religion on turning to writing for a living? Why so many of our early American converts had to leave the country for Italy or the Continent to get an audience or to earn their living? Why our great English and French convert writers have had to keep the Christian tradition alive? Why so many of our Catholic critics—"fifty-fifty"—take opposite sides on the status of Sigrid Undset, Kate O'Brien, Graham Greene? Are there two standards of weights and measures for the literary

critic? Didn't Cardinal Newman declare that "we cannot have a sinless literature in a sinful world"? Probably we are confusing the functions of fiction and philosophy as Plato did when he would banish poetry and tragedy from his Republic. As one who has contacts with Religious—men and women—and with Jews, Protestants, Catholics and pagans, I turn to Mr. Sullivan for help, because, judging from the tone of his essay, he will speak objectively. These are not rhetorical questions, Mr. Sullivan.

Finally, we all heartily commend your statement that a "genuine Catholic (artist) cannot avoid writing as a Catholic if he writes as a man," not as a propagandist! Wilmington, Del.

MOTHER AGATHA, A.S.U.

EDITOR: Kevin Sullivan (*Two Party Lines*, AMERICA, July 17) speaks of Miss Willa Cather as a Catholic novelist, and says that writers such as she "have largely ignored the problems and significance of our own times. They make one feel at times that the Faith is a beautiful anachronism, antiquated and unadaptable to the present."

It is true that Miss Cather has recreated, beautifully and vividly, Catholic communities and persons in some of her novels. But is she consciously a Catholic writer? Isn't she, fundamentally, an American writer, who found the best pattern for American life, the best hope of fulfillment of its promise, among the settlers and explorers who lived the Catholic Faith?

Since that Catholic way of living survived transplantation from other continents—indeed, has survived centuries of crisis as great as the present—how can it seem an anachronism or unadaptable to the present? Isn't it rather that the present—with its delusions of grandeur, its forgetfulness of the true way and purpose of life—is an anachronism and unadaptable to living? Maybe we are wandering onto quicksands, and need to look back to solid ground—the solid ground of the life shown in Miss Cather's novels.

New York, N. Y.

B. BETTINGER

SOLDIERS AS MARTYRS

EDITOR: Even our consolations should not be exaggerated. Father Smothers' word of caution about "soldiers as martyrs" (AMERICA, June 26) is a wholesome reminder of this.

I am sorry to be unable to supply the "solid consensus among approved authors" which Father Smothers desires. As I already remarked in the article to which he referred, it does not exist. That death upon the battlefield can win the crown of martyrdom is not something upon which all theologians agree. Still less is it a truth which the Church herself has already stamped with her explicit approval. It is, nevertheless, a doctrine which can claim the greatest of all theologians, Saint Thomas Aquinas, as its champion. To show how the fundamental principles of the theology of martyrdom bear out this deeply consoling affirmative view—and to indicate its application to the present conflict—was the one service which my article aspired to perform.

Saint Thomas, it will be recalled, demanded that, to win the martyr's crown, a soldier must die in war against "enemies who are striving to corrupt the Faith of Christ." Others, e.g., the great moral theologian, Father Vermeersch, believe that death in any just war suffices. So that, even if there are those who would absolve the Nazi oligarchy of any hatred for Christianity (and I do not think that the German Bishops would concur in that

absolution), there would still remain solid reason for us to trust that our war dead, because of their willingness to accept even death for Christ and country, go straight from the battlefield to heaven.

Until the Church herself speaks on this matter, we cannot have complete certainty. But we can have the strong comfort of a doctrine which is vouched for by the greatest of theologians, if not by them all, and which the intrinsic nature of martyrdom itself does seem to confirm.

Woodstock, Md.

JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J.

REMEMBERS HARD DEALERS

EDITOR: May I have a little space in your valuable Review to comment upon the pro's and con's of the coal problem in your country? The coal problem is a serious problem in every country in the world. Mr. H. C. McGinnis has, in his last letter, offered some solutions of the coal problem, which should be considered. I note that once in a while you get a brickbat instead of favorable comment regarding your views on the labor situation.

One correspondent from Michigan was very severe. She thinks that no union men read AMERICA. The writer is probably one of the oldest union men in North America today, and I read AMERICA because of its fair presentation of all the angles connected with labor in war-production industry.

Philip Murray, President of the C.I.O., shouldered a heavy task when he took over the Presidency of the C.I.O., including John L. Lewis's Communist organizers, who are never satisfied unless they are causing trouble.

The writer worked for mining companies in different capacities in the Rocky Mountain States, the Yukon, Alaska, California, and is familiar with the hard deals handed out to labor during the last fifty-five years in these communities.

Sydney, Nova Scotia

RONALD GILLIS

ST. OLAF A PAPIST

EDITOR: The article in your July 20 issue by Mr. Frank H. Sampson, *Many Vikings Are Stranded Without the Bark of Peter*, reminds me of one whose special interest is the conversion of Scandinavians and about whom some of your readers may care to know. He is Reverend James R. Coleman of St. Kevin's parish in Minneapolis.

At one time Father Coleman sponsored citywide convert classes catering particularly to the "Nordics." More recently, due to the onerous duties and loyalties demanded by the new parish he is now establishing, the area of his zealous work has been restricted. Nevertheless, he is still maintaining his good record for Scandinavian converts. It was due to his initiative that one of the more recently founded parishes in Minneapolis was given the name St. Olaf. This "bold" measure not only awakened interest in St. Olaf amongst Catholics themselves, but also "shocked" many of the local non-Catholics into the realization that their ancestors belonged to the Church.

Winona, Minn.

BROTHER I. LEO, F.S.C.

SIN AND SINNERS

EDITOR: The recent race riots are consistent with prevailing propaganda to the effect that hatred of certain races is a patriotic duty necessary to win the war.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen has frequently explained via radio the Catholic doctrine concerning hating all sin and loving the sinners but some officials may be unfamiliar with it and its indispensability to ultimate peace.

New York, N. Y.

HENRY V. MORAN

To Be Perfectly Frank . . . We Forgot The Women!

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PARADE

THE period following World War I witnessed revolutionary changes in the everyday life of the people. . . . Mass production of the automobile brought this mode of transportation within reach of the average pocketbook. . . . Radio sets appeared in millions of homes. . . . Moving pictures developed sound and technicolor and expanded enormously. . . . The airplane grew up and wrought innumerable changes in man's mode of life. . . . Fluorescent lighting, streamlined trains, the electric eye, buses, plastics, numerous other things contributed their share to the vast alteration that took form. . . . It appears now that the conclusion of World War II will usher in another era of colossal change—a change that may be even greater than the one achieved by the post-World-War-I age. . . . A rival to the radio and the movies—a rival that may eventually push both these marvels into a rear seat—already shows signs of lusty strength. . . . Last week, the research director of the Radio Corporation of America announced that television receiving-sets will be in the average American home not long after the end of the war. He stated that the sets, including screens of any desired size, from six to twenty-four inches in width, will "be within the range of the average pocket-book." . . . The nation will be covered by a network of automatic monitor stations which will relay the television images and sounds to every section of the land. . . . There are now 5,000 television receiving-sets in use, most of them in New York and California. . . . In the not-distant future, millions of these sets will probably be scattered through all the States of the Union. . . . As television takes its place in the everyday life of the people, another newcomer to the social scene, the helicopter, will be doing things in the air that the fixed-wing airplane cannot do, and producing revolutionary social changes of its own. . . . Mass production of the helicopter, not long after the cessation of hostilities, is foreseen by men in a position to know—a development which will bring the mobile-wing plane within the purchasing reach of the white-collar, the soft-collar and the no-collar classes. . . . Radar, the invention which detects moving objects from afar, is in its infancy. As it grows up, in the post-war period, it will undoubtedly be put to many civilian uses. . . . Many other inventions are in the offing.

The social scene which lies just ahead will thus be very much different from anything we know. . . . Television will doubtless affect the movie industry the way the latter affected the legitimate theater. It will be so easy for families to see movies and newsreels in their own parlors that trooping to the corner theater will decrease. . . . Invalids will benefit. . . . Shut-ins will be able to see and hear the Mass being said in a nearby church. . . . Mere sound-broadcasting will receive pretty much the same treatment it handed the phonograph. . . . On Sundays, holidays, and very likely also on weekdays, small family helicopters and large helicopter buses will fill the air the way automobiles packed the roads before gasoline rationing. (One Midwest bus company has already ordered five helicopter buses.) . . . Police will employ radar, television and the helicopter for law-enforcement purposes. . . . Criminals will employ them for law-violation purposes.

Mechanical innovations such as radar, television and the helicopter are highly desirable, but of themselves they cannot reduce crime or build a better world. . . . One startling innovation would reduce crime, would build a better world, would make the forthcoming era truly wonderful—a mass return to religion.

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